

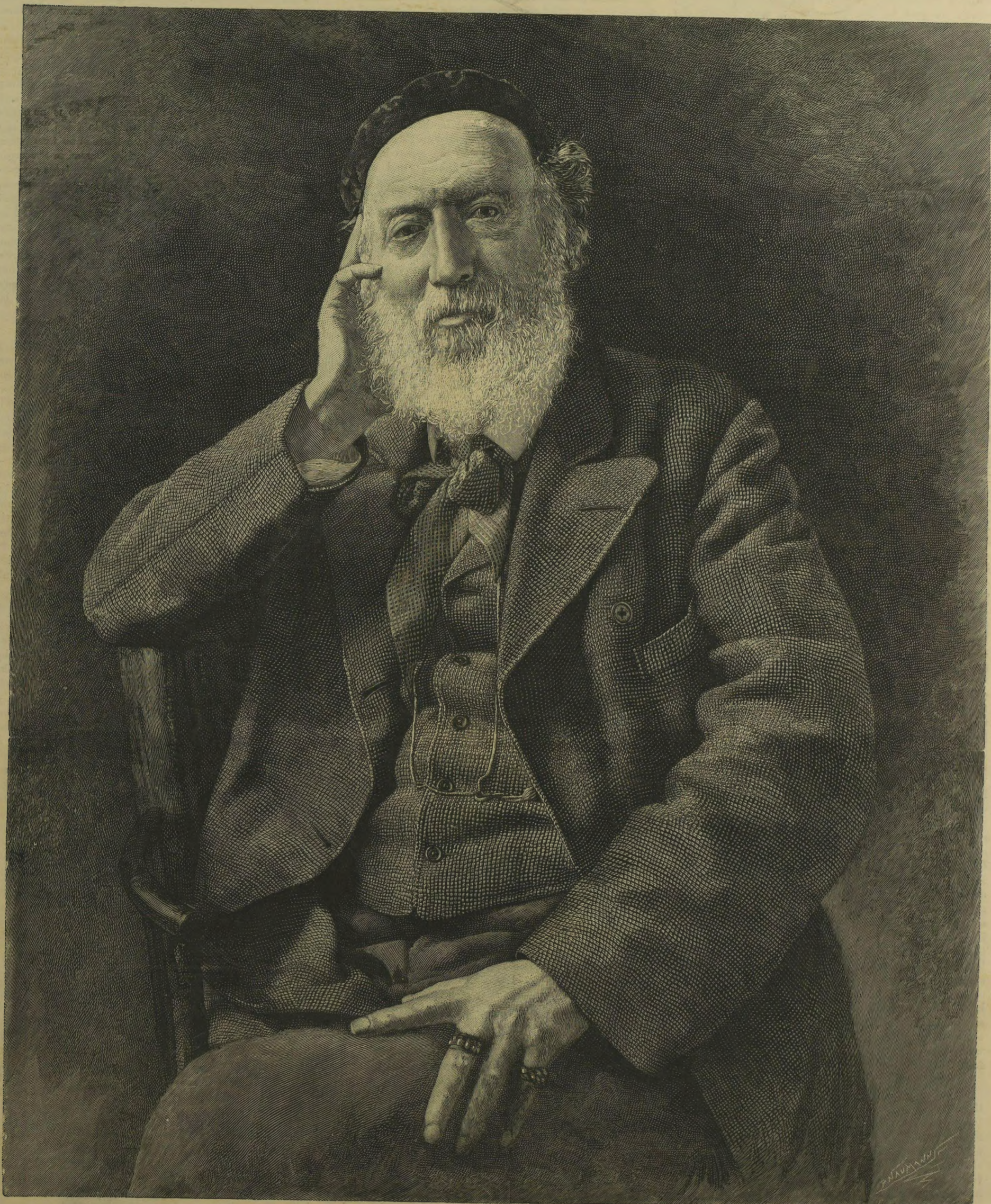
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SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

People talk of the late colliery riots as though they were incidents unparalleled in living memory, whereas they are not to be compared either in seriousness or extent with the disturbances in the southern counties in 1830. There is nothing, indeed, so atrocious in intention recorded as the sending coal-wagons on to a passenger railway line, though the attempted wrecking of trains has become so common and receives such slight punishment that it is quite possible the perpetrators of the outrage thought little of it; but the damage done to farm buildings and machinery was far greater. "Day after day," we are told, "bodies of men traversed the agricultural districts like an invading army, and night after night the incendiary plied his trade." The ordinary constabulary proved, as on the recent occasions, wholly unequal to the emergency; nor, though the yeomanry were called out, could they restore order; so the military had to be sent for. Their duties were so far facilitated from the circumstance that a letter signed "Captain Swing" almost always preceded his visitations. "In many cases," we read, "villages gave up their peaceful character and assumed the appearance of encampments, while the mansion of the justice of the peace was made a lodging for the prisoners."

In Wiltshire, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, and Kent, where the disturbances assumed the most serious character, the prisoners were tried under a special commission. At Winchester near three hundred persons were found guilty of "machine-breaking, arson, and extorting money by threats with intent to procure increase of wages." When Mr. Baron Vaughan, as the senior judge, proceeded to pass sentence, there stood in the dock twenty prisoners in rows of five each, and the others were so disposed in the jury-box and elsewhere as to hear all that took place. Sentence of death was passed upon many persons, but with the understanding that the extreme punishment would only be inflicted on three of them. Altogether, however, the lives of nearly a hundred persons were forfeited to the State in connection with these outrages. At Hungerford a deputation from the mob was admitted into the magistrates' room. They demanded twelve shillings a week wages, the destruction of machines, and a reduction of house-rent. There were dreadful scenes throughout the country, in almost every place some miserable wretches being left to expiate their offences on the scaffold, and it was long before the agricultural districts reassumed their peace and quietness. Nevertheless, on Aug. 17, 1836, it was announced in the House of Commons by Lord John Russell that of 246 persons sentenced to be transported for their participation in the offences of this period, all but ten had been pardoned.

The Bristol riots, which took place a year later, were, nominally at least, caused by the rejection of the Reform Bill; but the circumstances in connection with them are curiously similar to those at Featherstone. The Mansion House was attacked and a number of other houses in the city destroyed, and the troops greeted with stones and brickbats, which they were prevented from resenting, no magistrate being in attendance to read the Riot Act. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether those in charge of the military or civil force exhibited the most weakness. Colonel Brereton, who commanded, seems to have been too good-natured to take any serious step. He said that the people "appeared very good-humoured, and no doubt he could send them away by merely walking the horses" (of the cavalry). The Town Clerk asked him, when two of the Lancers were brought in dangerously wounded, whether he thought that was a symptom of good-humour? He said, "My directions are to attend to the orders of the magistrates." Late in the evening it was reported that the rioters had retreated into some boats lying on the river, from which they annoyed the troops, and one of their officers asked leave to fire a few ball cartridges in that direction. Colonel Brereton said, "If you'll take my advice you will let them alone; it is getting very late, and I dare say they'll be going quietly home to bed." In consequence of this inactivity the city was given up to pillage, and in the end many lives were sacrificed through this mistaken clemency, both in the streets and on the scaffold. Not only Colonel Brereton but Captain Warrington, his second in command, were subsequently tried by court-martial for "negligence and want of energy." The Colonel, who resided in the neighbourhood, and was much respected, on finding matters going against him, shot himself. He had been distinguished for bravery in the field, and, as a testimony of the regard in which he was held, had received a sword value 200 guineas from his brother officers.

For Captain Warrington's defence Major Beckwith, of the 14th Dragoons, was called in evidence: "On reaching Bristol I immediately went to the Council House, where I found the Mayor and several magistrates, who appeared to me bewildered and stupefied with terror. On hearing the state of affairs in the city, I urged that one or more magistrates should accompany me on horseback for the purpose of restoring order. They all refused to accompany me, saying it would make them unpopular, and cause their property to be destroyed. They also added that none of

them could ride on horseback." The description given by one of the witnesses of the escape of the Mayor from the Mansion House is very amusing: "I saw the Mayor in the larder on the ground-floor. There were three or four female servants with his Worship [laughter]; they were making great efforts to get him up on the leads—the female servants and his Worship. His Worship, seeing me, said, 'For Heaven's sake, young man, assist me up.' I stooped down and helped his Worship up, the female servants assisting him behind [here the laughter became so loud that Lord Tenterden found it necessary to censure it in strong terms]. We got the Mayor up on the leads, myself and the female servants, and he got away over the wall." The military witnesses all state that the soldiers were paralysed by the imbecility and misconduct of the magistracy, but, nevertheless, Captain Warrington was found guilty and sentenced to be cashiered, though, being recommended to mercy, he was subsequently permitted to dispose of his commission.

The effect of a "friendly suit," one has been told by laymen engaged in it, is not always what might have been expected from its name as regards the costs, and the same mistake, it seems, may arise in other contentious matters outside the law courts. The notion in Glasgow, for example, of a "friendly game" at football is new and strange to persons who are not devoted to that seductive amusement. At the beginning of the proceedings one player was sent off the field for fighting, and another for flinging the ball in the referee's face. The deciding point of the game was made by "a penalty kick adjudged for a disgraceful foul" of one of their opponents' "backs"! The wording of this is obscure: one has heard of a "half-back," which, I suppose, is a back that has been kicked in two; but the meaning is only too obvious. If it were otherwise, the truth comes out with a vengeance in the final lines of the report: "The referee was seriously assaulted on attempting to leave the ground, and the police had to protect him in the pavilion"—not, like David, from "the strife of tongues," but from much more serious weapons—"with their drawn bâtons." What can it be in football that breeds this blackguardism? Cricketers do not cheat, or beat one another with bats and stumps. At what Mrs. Caudle calls the national and athletic game of cribbage, the players keep pegging away without breaking the peace. At whist, to be sure, the candlesticks are fastened to the tables (in case a partner should not return one's lead in trumps and the temptation to throw something be overwhelming), but, as a matter of fact, no acts of violence are committed. They are excluded by common consent from amusements which come under the head of "a friendly game."

The age of chivalry may be dead, but not that of romance, which in some instances is brought even nearer home to us than ever. When our grandfathers were boys, for example, they could not be sure of meeting with pirates on this side of the Spanish Main, but now they are found in Pimlico Reach. Nor are they an imported luxury: they are native to the shores of Belgravia. It is on Sunday that they chiefly ply their dreadful trade, and the manner of it is to roam the river in a heavy boat and extort blackmail from persons in skiffs and wherries under penalty of being swamped. Five young gentlemen, "well connected," and, what was more to the purpose, well dressed, were set upon in this way the other day. The pirates—who call themselves bargemen when their vessels are not in commission—dragged the gunwale of the boys' boat down to the water's edge, and threatened to sink it unless they parted with their clothes. Even the buccaneers, so far as I remember, respected a gentleman's wardrobe; however, one must make allowances for some natural indignation at boarding a prize in which there was neither money nor tobacco. The pirates' excuse was (1) that they were only "larking," and (2) that they confined their request to second-hand clothes. Even "well-connected" British youths, however, do not take with them in a pleasure-boat, like rich men travelling in the East, several changes of raiment. If, on the other hand, the thing was done "for fun," the ideas of humour of the Pimlico waterside must differ from those of the mainland in district S.W.

This is the season of wonders, and the marvels of the divining rod are naturally among them. Three instances have been lately reported where success has been achieved by professional diviners. Men of science have no better opinion to give of such than that they are "victims of an unconscious delusion," and ascribe the whole phenomenon to "an impression on the mind acting through the agency of the nerves and muscles." But some respectable names can be quoted which have backed a contrary opinion. The theory has, at all events, antiquity to recommend it. In Billingley's "Somerset" he tells us that the Mendip miners have full faith in it; and Dr. Mayo tells us that the gift is supposed to be possessed by one in forty of the Cornish miners. Since it includes the discovery of minerals as well as water, this should be a very paying profession in that country, but its successes are generally confined to the water business. The Doctor knew one man who possessed it and afterwards lost it, which must have placed him in very embarrassing positions. The belief in the divining rod is not, of course,

so general as the belief in ghosts, but it is much more particular. Most of us are acquainted with persons who have themselves seen water found by the hazel twig, or believe that they have seen it; and it is certain that people make their living by the practice of the art, and that out of the agricultural landlord class, who have no money in these days to throw away.

Is an employé who habitually falls asleep in business hours to be discharged in consequence without warning? is the question that has lately been agitating a French court of law. In England such a person would have had plenty of warning, oburgations culled from *Pickwick* ("D—n that boy, he's gone to sleep again!") and things thrown at him, which in this case—he was a hair-dresser's assistant—would have been brushes and combs. But the French are too polite. He was merely turned away without notice. It seems rather hard measure. Hours of labour in hair-cutters' establishments are long; it was surely too much to expect that the poor man would have wasted "an exposition of sleep" upon his leisure time. "I never sleep out of hours" says a great philosopher, "except when travelling or during sermons!" but he had had the training of a lifetime, and knew how to husband his resources. There is no desire more importunate than that of going to sleep when one ought not to do so; at other times there is no temptation to be resisted, and therefore no merit. I read in the paper the other day of a clergyman, seeing one of his congregation nodding when the sermon had but just begun, observed (craning over the pulpit), "What! tired already?" whereupon the man left the church. The natures of both these gentlemen must have been very sensitive. It must, however, be admitted that in some callings, such as that of a railway pointsman, "Nature's sweet restorer" may be harmful to others. We are not told that the hair-cutter was also a barber, but for one's barber to go to sleep and have a nightmare would be a frightful contingency.

There is a story told of a French nobleman, who, when he had been shaved in the morning, always heard the man mutter "Thank Heaven!" on leaving the room. He inquired the cause. "It is the money, my lord, you always leave on your table overnight [for he was a gambler]. Every morning I say to myself, 'I must cut his throat,' and am truly thankful to have escaped the temptation." After which confession the nobleman shaved himself. It is quite extraordinary how many people—and even poor people—employ barbers to shave them, partly from consciousness of their own clumsiness ("What do you give the man who shaves you?" inquired someone of Macaulay. "Several cuts on the face," was his reply), but chiefly from their inability to strop the razors. If there is an industry that makes use of old strops (with cuts) I shall be happy to supply them at wholesale prices. That there is no machine for stropping razors speaks volumes for the power and intelligence of the Barbers' Company.

Nevertheless, for a man who has always shaved himself the employment of another person to do it for him seems for the first time, apart from the humiliation of being taken by the nose, rather a serious business. One wishes to make great friends with him to start with, but the usual methods are closed to us; genial conversation is out of the question—all the soap is on his side—and we daren't offer him liquor. It is the greatest confidence trick known to man. The performer may be an expert, or he may not; but it is certain that at one time or another these gentlemen must have been new to their trade. With whom do they begin? With whom indeed! Dead men tell no tales. I ventured to ask the question the other day of a professional. He replied, with some confusion, "We begin with one another"; and it was only the day before that he had observed, with an air of pretended indifference, "We are rather short-handed at the shop just now."

The dying of our summer this year is similar to that of many of our fellow-creatures. A very "bad day" or two, when life and light are low, and the long winter of the grave seems to be close at hand; then sunshine and soft airs again, and the summer which we call "Indian"; the end, of course, is as certain in one case as in the other. What I would respectfully suggest to some house-keepers is that they should imitate Nature in her variability, and have fires when the cold requires them, whatever may be the name of the month. There is nothing in which we English are so conventional, notwithstanding our long and dismal experience of weather. In a great country house, the colder for its size, and where the hostess is obstinate not to begin fires till October, a guest appeared at breakfast in his great-coat. "I know why you wear that," said the lady of the house, with one of her charming smiles; "you wish to save my reputation by shaming me into giving you a fire?" He shook his head and his teeth chattered: it is ill jesting with a person nipped by the east wind. "I don't care twopenny about your reputation," he answered, "but I'm devilish cold!" The man had not been a favourite in the house before, but from that moment he became popular.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The two remarkable features of the popular play produced with such success by Sir Augustus Harris at Old Drury are, first, the battle scene, and, second, the acting of Mrs. Bernard Beere. Mr. Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus know their business thoroughly well. The first is the most facile and expert dramatist that we possess; the second understands to a nicety the beat and pulse of public opinion. It is the fashion to regard the manager of Drury Lane Theatre as a mere manufacturer of sensation. He is far more than that. He would have succeeded in any vocation of life where public spirit is understood and judgment is concerned. Had he not elected to manage theatres, Sir Augustus might well have edited and directed a popular newspaper. He knows by instinct not only the way the wind blows but the way the wind is going to blow. To say that this battle scene at Old Drury is merely a vulgar stage spectacle that we might have seen at Astley's Amphitheatre when we were children, to gird at it because some smoke of battle came over the footlights, to describe the ladies as holding their hands up to their ears to avoid the shock of sound, and to prejudice the people against a remarkably realistic picture of warfare, is to my mind a little unfair. There is far more in the scene, far more in the military situation, far more in the detail of the incident than a mere expenditure of smoke, a mere cracking and "pinging" of Maxim batteries; and the audience knew it in their hearts, though they did not know how to express what they felt. Nothing could well be more admirable than the technical detail of the scene from a purely military point of view; but the success of the scene, the true dramatic vigour of the picture, is in its deep undercurrent of hearty, honest, and manly sentiment. The people did not cheer for several minutes and wave their hats, the men did not shout and the dear women mop their eyes merely because so many rounds of ammunition had been fired off on the Drury Lane stage. That is all nonsense. No; the men cheered and the women wept because the authors had touched an honest vein of patriotic emotion. The people like to hear that the soldiers—who have not lost all emotion like the modern young man—hunger for their letters from home. The people like to know and believe that the masher in Hyde Park is a well-plucked one in the field. The people like to see with their own eyes that Englishmen who are soldiers are self-sacrificing, obedient, loyal, and courageous under fire. And to my mind Mr. Melton Prior did a very proper and creditable act when he came forward to say that the scenes in the new play which were supposed to be overcharged with melodramatic absurdity and sentimentality were true to the life of battle—and the battles he had seen with his own eyes. We want sometimes an antidote to the modern craze for sneering derision. Even if it is only found in a battle scene at Old Drury, let us applaud the grim, jovial disregard of danger in the British officer, the superb carelessness and daredevil attitude of brave Tommy Atkins. This is what Robertson, the dramatist, loved to do. I never shall forget hearing him read aloud the short story that was the foundation of "Caste." An English officer was leading a "forlorn hope." "Come back, Dib! Come back," was the cry as Dib, in front of his men, rushed on, sword in hand. "Come back be —! You fellows come on!" Now, this is the spirit of the Drury Lane scene, and this is why I applaud it. If the ladies who hold their pretty ears are so dreadfully nervous, they had better stay away; if the men choke and cough with the gunpowder, they had better remain in the club smoking-room. As a matter of fact, Sir Augustus Harris has, by this time, sacrificed historical accuracy, and fights a Burnese battle with smokeless powder.

Mrs. Bernard Beere is the Marie Laurent of the English stage. She should never have been allowed to stray from the Adelphi or Drury Lane. She wasted her time and her talent over her Lena Despards and unwholesome sirens. She should never have been falling over sofas all these years, and expiring with tetanus in poison fits. She is an English actress, and for the first time since the days of Adelaide Neilson we have an actress with voice, style, presence and distinction at the national theatre. The horse in the battle scene has thrown so many riders and refused so many leaps over the chasm that Sir Augustus Harris has very wisely cut the poor beast out of his part, and sent him home to munch his oats in his stable. So, now that the gunpowder is smokeless, that the dangerous leap has been cut out, that Mrs. Bernard Beere is playing better than ever, excited by her success, that Mr. Harry Nicholls is a soldier of the true grit and English pattern, it is not surprising to hear that "A Life of Pleasure" is the talk of the town.

People of a different temperament altogether visit and express curious delight in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Tempter" at the Haymarket. And why should it not be so? Why should it be so constantly insisted on that there is to be one order of dramatic taste and none other. The argument seems to be, if the tragedy of the "Tempter" is right then the popular features of the Drury Lane drama must be wrong. I am thankful that I am not so constituted that I can only admire one form of play or one

school of dramatic literature. Positive am I that there are countless thousands of playgoers who have wider and more generous views. I am not ashamed to own that in one busy but delightful week I could chuckle over Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Devil; I could receive infinite delight from the acting of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. F. Everill in the tender passages of Mr. Jones's tragedy; I could listen again and again to Mrs. Tree's recital of her nightmare dream; I could get excited over the battle scene at Old Drury, and be glad that honest thoughts could be put into honest hearts; and lastly, I could own that I was not so *blasé* or bored but that I could "pipe my eye" when Albert Chevalier, sitting as a rough costermonger over his first-born's cradle, could, in the "Nipper's Lullaby," make it known that even costermongers are human, and in "My Old Dutch" proclaim the truth of marital fidelity in the lowly born. But then, I believe in the mission of the stage, and surely its mission is to touch the people's hearts as well as to stimulate their intellects.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

To the annual conference of the Institute of Journalists special lustre has been lent this year by the presence of M. Zola and several prominent representatives of the Paris Press. Any doubt as to the aptness of associating the

(an Englishman, we believe, by birth and parentage), who surprised his unsuspecting hearers by his fluency in his native tongue, in which he gently bantered his French brethren on their weakness for calling the Prime Minister "Sir Gladstone" and his predecessor "Mr. Salisbury"; to have done these things, and secured, in addition, a striking advertisement of an excellent corporation, reflects no small credit on the organising committee of the Institute of Journalists. Mr. P. W. Clayden, of the *Daily News*, Mr. Peacock, and Mr. Charles Williams, redoubtable traveller and war correspondent, represent very justly the faculty which has made the Institute so successful. They have striven hard to stimulate *esprit de corps* among newspaper men, and the presence of so many journalists from the country at the recent gatherings has borne special witness to a combination of business instinct and goodwill.

SIR JOHN GILBERT AND THE CITY.

The honorary freedom of the City of London was conferred upon Sir John Gilbert in the Council Chamber of the Guildhall on Sept. 26, "in recognition of his long and honourable career in the art world, and more especially of his generous gift to the art gallery of the Corporation of selections from his pictures—a graceful act, which cannot but be of especial value in the development of the gallery."

In an eloquent and appreciative address upon Sir John Gilbert's life-work the City Chamberlain referred to the artist's achievements upon this Journal and elsewhere. And we may, indeed, feel a special pride in the accumulated recognition which has come to our first great artist in his declining years. Sir John Gilbert's sketches appeared in our first number in May 1842, and for full thirty years he depicted functions and incidents with a *verve* that has never been surpassed, and won the hearts of old and young by the light and happy illustration of our Christmas Numbers. But there are many other phases of his art studies which cannot be too heartily recognised—the depicting in black and white of all the heroes of childhood, Don Quixote and his Squire, and that magnificent gallery which makes us inevitably think of his conceptions whenever we read the masterpieces of Shakspeare. Of his pictures in colour which first brought him into touch with the Corporation of London as a generous donor of some of his finest treasures, it is needless to speak. They have been familiar for years upon the walls of the Royal Academy and the Royal Water Colour Society's galleries. That Sir John may live long to enjoy his new citizenship is the hearty prayer of all who know him personally or through his undying work.

WINDSOR AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Our Artist's Rambling Sketches for this week are made in the royal borough of Windsor and on the banks of the Thames below and above that town, including Datchet Mead and the village of Bray, near Maidenhead. The Castle and Park, Eton College also, seem to be subjects of too much dignity for cursory treatment; these have been amply described and illustrated by us on former occasions. King Henry the Eighth's Gate, one of the picturesque features of Windsor, also bears witness to its importance in English history. The river, immediately above Eton, passing Clewer, Surley Hall, and Monkey Island, is haunted by many pleasant reminiscences, not only for Eton boys, who have there enjoyed aquatic sports, and for those who cherish old traditions of the "Mont-

tem," but equally for Londoners who have passed summer holidays on the noble stream. There is many a mild joke at the sight of the church-tower of Bray, with an allusion to its proverbial Vicar, who quietly managed to keep his benefice under different reigns, in spite of changes in the Church Establishment.

A CORNISH TIN MINE.

A disaster took place on Wednesday, Sept. 20, at the Dolcoath mine, near Camborne, where eight men working underground, at a depth of 412 fathoms, were suddenly enclosed, or partially buried alive, by a fall of the roof of the level at both ends, bringing down hundreds of tons of rock and earth. One of them, Richard Davies, was extricated alive on the Friday, but the others, four of whom were married men, have perished. Dolcoath is one of the oldest, deepest, and richest tin mines in Cornwall, and is under the management of Captain Josiah Thomas, with Captain Johns and Captain George Davey. The men were engaged at the time in clearing that level and securing the sides with timber props. There was no appearance of special danger, but the lode, about 30 ft. wide, is rather soft. The extreme depth of working attained at this mine is more than 500 fathoms. Those in the neighbourhood of St. Just, not far from the Land's End, are not so deep; but in the Botallack mine the workings are driven a length of 2500 ft. under the sea. That mine was visited in 1865 by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and we then gave some illustrations and a description of its interior. Near it is the Levant mine, the picturesque situation of which is seen in one of our present views; this also passes under the sea.



THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS' CONFERENCE.

great French novelist with such a gathering was completely dispelled by the paper which M. Zola read in the Hall of Lincoln's Inn. The subject was anonymity in journalism, and the writer revealed a somewhat unexpected acquaintance with journalistic enterprise in this country. He drew a vivid and, in the main, accurate distinction between the conditions which make for anonymity in the English Press and those which make the influence of French journalism purely individual and personal. M. Zola understands perfectly why political writing in this country owes its power to the fact that it is impersonal, but he holds that in letters and art signed criticism ought to carry more weight than the anonymous article. He forgets, perhaps, that, although some distinguished critics among us stake their reputations on their signatures, there are social reasons why the candour of French writers is difficult, if not impossible, to many critics in England. M. Zola was present at the entertainment given by the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall in honour of the Institute of Journalists, and also at the Crystal Palace banquet. He has adapted himself to our atmosphere with perfect ease, and his speeches have been distinguished by great felicity and by a fervour of the ideal which may have surprised many who do not know what a wealth of poetic optimism is disguised in this uncompromising realist. The administrative heads in the Institute of Journalists deserve hearty congratulation on the success of their varied festival. To have brought one of the greatest literary lions of Europe to roar as gently as a sucking dove in a capital which he had never visited before; to have induced one of the foremost journalists in Paris to confess that his confrères would be all the better for a little travel, especially in perfidious Albion; to have seen Mr. Gerard Harry, of the *Indépendance Belge*



M. ZOLA READING A PAPER BEFORE THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS IN THE HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN.



THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS AT THE GUILDHALL.



AFTERNOON TEA UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

PERSONAL.

"I see," writes a Canadian correspondent, "that in your last issue you speak appreciatively of the late Sir Alexander Galt, the Canadian statesman. Do you know how near *The Illustrated London News* came to inducing this same Alexander Galt to follow the thorny paths of English literature? When little more than a lad, he longed to emulate the success which his father, John Galt, the friend and biographer of Lord Byron, had attained,



THE LATE SIR ALEXANDER GALT.

and the acceptance of an article by *Fraser's Magazine*, and its marked commendation by *The Illustrated London News*, seemed to open the way. Happily for Canada, and perhaps for himself too, these early dreams came to naught, and the young Londoner set himself to the much more practical business of unravelling the tangles of a Canadian land company. This led to his entry into Canadian politics, and at first he made many a slip by his eager share in the religious and political feuds of the time. In one moment of excitement he even signed an annexation manifesto, though he atoned for the act by his subsequent advocacy of Imperial Federation in some of its aspects. It was not long, however, before he settled down into the serious politician and an authority on questions of trade and finance, and his influence soon became such that at one emergency in that time of political crises the Governor, Sir Edmund Head, appealed to him to form a Ministry in succession to the famous Macdonald-Cartier administration.

"It was not, however, as Prime Minister that Sir Alexander Galt was destined to serve Canada. As Finance Minister—the first in the history of Canada—he had the honour, or dishonour—just as one views these fiscal questions—of inaugurating the Protective system, euphemistically called the 'National Policy' or the 'N.P.,' to which the Canadian electors have clung so firmly for a quarter of a century. It was also through him that the Queen was invited and consented to send her eldest son there, in his nineteenth year to open the Victoria Bridge spanning the St. Lawrence at Montreal—a visit which a local writer of the time declared to be of more importance to the Empire than even the laying of the Atlantic cable. In the confederation movement which agitated the Canadian mind in the next few years, Sir Alexander (then Mr.) Galt acted as the chief lieutenant of Sir John Macdonald. He entered with him and the other delegates into conference with the Imperial Government and with the representatives of the sister provinces on the Atlantic seaboard, and as soon as the British North America Act set the legislative seal on their scheme, he resumed for a short time his old portfolio of Finance in the first Dominion Cabinet. Here he did much useful work for Canada in the days of her early federal struggles; and, when party politics had lost their charm for him, he retired to the calmer atmosphere of the Canadian High Commission, and adorned it as no other Canadian could by his polished manners and grace of diction."

"The Mace" writes: "The closing hours of the Session, or rather of the suspended Session, were not significant of much. There was the usual apathetic muster to receive the Indian Budget, that Cinderella of finance, and Mr. George Russell was unable to play the part of fairy godmother by turning the pumpkin of dry detail into the coach and six of animated rhetoric. Mr. Russell would speak very well if he were not so fluent. A rapid colloquial manner is eminently unsuited to the House of Commons, and Mr. Russell's listeners toiled after him in vain. Mr. Seymour Keay, from the boundless resources of thirty years' experience of India, prophesied bankruptcy, and Sir William Wedderburn denounced the extravagance of the civil and military expenditure. Why not appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole subject of Indian administration? This question Sir William Harcourt answered with an anecdote. He remembered that Mr. Disraeli once scoffed at the suggestion of submitting the British Constitution to a Select Committee. Sir William always shows a peculiar gusto in his Disraelian reminiscences. Perhaps he recalls the time when he was just on the verge of casting in his lot with the Tories, and when Dizzy showed some disposition to flatter a politician whose gifts in a certain way resembled his own. Sir William's reply to Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett was quite in the Disraelian manner. Sir Ellis delayed the third reading of the Appropriation Bill in order to vindicate his reputation against the attack of Sir Edward Grey. He had the front Opposition bench to himself for this performance, and Sir William drily observed that, as the aggrieved Knight's views about foreign policy had been repudiated by his own colleagues, there was no need to dwell upon them. This playful skirmish brought the business to a close, and after the usual formalities with the House of Lords the Speaker gravely shook hands with about twenty gentlemen, and the Serjeant-at-Arms carried me off to a well-earned repose."

The death of Mr. Albert Moore is a great shock to every lover of English art. Perhaps it has come with peculiar bitterness to some of his professional associates, for nothing more severe can be said of the Royal Academy than that Mr. Moore has died at the age of fifty-two without the Academic honours. When it is considered what men have

been preferred to him by the electorate of the Academy, this obstinate neglect of a gifted artist is all the more amazing. In decorative art Mr. Albert Moore has no superior. When the mind goes back some years through the annual wilderness of Burlington House, there is one radiant spot on which it always dwells with serene enjoyment. A picture by Albert Moore—a group of fair women in exquisite draperies, a harmony of poetic dream and technical accomplishment—is like a golden vision in a jungle of commonplace. Mr. Moore has died, as an artist of his temperament would wish to die, brush in hand; and he has left a name on which the Academy, which systematically slighted him, will no doubt heap ornate phrases of bereavement.

In our notice, last week, of the statements which appeared in the *Times* of Sept. 9 and Sept. 11, merely giving the import of a Reuter telegram concerning a despatch from Madagascar dated Aug. 20, and the comment of the *Temps*, translated by the *Times* Paris correspondent, Mr. Abraham Kingdon was mentioned as one of the persons arrested upon a charge of conspiring with Rajoelina to overthrow the present Government. We took care to say that we had no knowledge whatever of the charges or the evidence against him or any other person; and we expressly disclaimed all responsibility for the truth of those reports. Since our paper of last week went to press, a mail has arrived with fresh news from Madagascar, upon which the *Times* and the *Daily News* of Friday, Sept. 22, publish articles tending to exonerate Mr. Abraham Kingdon from the accusation, with his affidavit, made on Aug. 10, before Mr. T. P. Porter, Acting British Vice-Consul, declaring the alleged documents to be forgeries, and denying that he has at any time been aware of any conspiracy or intrigue. We have also received a letter from his son, Mr. Thomas H. Kingdon, who states that his father is free, and that the whole story of the conspiracy is "absolutely false—nothing but a coup d'état promoted by the jealousy of the Prime Minister."

Dr. Saint-Saëns did not stay in London (after coming here expressly) to conduct his opera, "Samson et Dalila." For some unexplained reason he suddenly took his departure, accompanied by his chosen tenor, M. Lafarge, leaving Madame Sanz (the Dalila of the cast) to face the difficulties of a production of the work in concert form with English artists and an English choir at Covent Garden. The event duly came off on Monday, Sept. 25, but without the co-operation of Madame Sanz, who had, not unnaturally, declined the unfair conditions sought to be imposed upon her. The two title-characters were undertaken at the last moment by English singers, more remarkable, perhaps, for their valour than their discretion, and whose efforts were, fortunately, beyond the reach of criticism. At the same time, the work suffered sadly from the completely unfavourable circumstances under which it was given. Very little of the beauty or the dramatic significance of M. Saint-Saëns's music could be realised by the scanty audience that assembled to hear it. For, apart from the lack of stage surroundings, the whole performance was wanting in artistic intelligence and spirit. The choir was lamentably feeble, and the ensembles went without the least energy or "go." The orchestra, directed by Mr. Cowen, just contrived to pull the thing through, and Messrs. Oudin, Magrath, and Arthur Barlow acquitted themselves satisfactorily in some of the subordinate characters. But, as a whole, the production was not creditable either to the management or the house.

Once more has an approximate date been fixed for the production in Italy of Mr. F. H. Cowen's opera "Signa." Signor Sonzogno now states that it is his intention to bring the work out at the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, some time before the end of October; and in response to this intimation the composer has promised to go over to superintend the *mise en scène* of "Signa" as soon as possible after the approaching Norwich Festival, whereat his new romantic legend, "The Water Lily," is to be performed at the concluding concert of the meeting. By the way, the London rehearsals for the Festival began at the Royal Academy concert-room on Thursday, Sept. 28.

Marshal Martinez Campos, who was the object of a daring outrage by an Anarchist at Barcelona, is one of the three Spanish generals who have played conspicuous parts in the political history of Spain in the last five-and-twenty years. The others are Marshal Prim and Marshal Serrano. General Martinez Campos is practically the founder of the present dynasty in Spain. When King Amadeo abdicated in 1870, Martinez Campos refused to recognise the Republic, and suffered imprisonment. He was released to take command of a division against the Carlists, and in 1874 he proclaimed Alphonso king. Two years later he defeated Don Carlos finally, and brought the war to an end. Marshal Campos has since held high office in the Government of his country. He formed a coalition Ministry with Señor Sagasta in 1881, but resigned in 1883 because an insult offered to King Alphonso by a mob in Paris was left unavenged. Campos would have gone cheerfully to war with France, but the cooler counsels of his colleagues prevailed, and Spain was saved from a repetition on a small scale of the Napoleonic invasion. When the Anarchist outrage was committed the Marshal was reviewing the troops at Barcelona. Two bombs exploded under his horse and wounded him slightly, but with unshaken nerves the old soldier went on with the review as though nothing had happened.

"The rapacious and spendthrift guardianship of the Crown," is a characteristic description by Mr. Auberon Herbert of the cutting of timber in the New Forest. There are certain parts of the Forest called the King William III. Woods, and here the Crown has a technical right to fell trees, which is being exercised with a wanton disregard of natural beauties and old associations. Mr. Herbert says, "There is no truer lesson in poetry than can be learnt than to watch the varying phases of nature's struggle in these few spots, if they are left wholly uninterfered with." We wonder what the "rapacious and spendthrift" woodmen of the Crown think of that. They have felled two hundred oaks already, and Mr. Auberon Herbert is anxious to stay their devastating hands by sending memorials to the Prime Minister, in one respect the

most inappropriate person to interest in such a question. But he believes these old woods will not be safe till they are rescued from the Crown, a suggestion which has an agreeable echo of high treason.

Chauvinism has discovered a new peril to France. General Miribel's death is attributed to foul play. He is said to have drunk a glass of milk given to him at a farmhouse by a person who promptly disappeared. Of course, the milk was poisoned, and the poisoner was an agent of a foreign Government which could no longer endure the thought that the French army was commanded by a surpassing genius. There is no doubt that General Miribel did drink the milk, which was supplied to him by one of his own tenants, a man whose character is beyond suspicion. But the fact that there was a glass of milk is quite enough for the Chauvinist. Was not Chanzy taken off by treachery? And Skobelev—who can doubt that he, too, fell a victim to a murderous plot? It is needless to specify the only nation in Europe which is capable of these abominable outrages on France and Russia, and on that civilisation of which they are the superlative ornaments.

New Zealand is the first important part of the British Empire (only the Isle of Man having preceded it) to admit women to full citizenship. The Women's Suffrage Bill of the colony has now become an accomplished Act, and has just received the sanction of the Governor, the Earl of Glasgow, as representing her Majesty. The measure was passed by the small majority of two in the Upper House of the Colonial Legislature, but this did not represent the full majority in favour of the emancipation of women from political disabilities, as some who voted against the Bill were in favour of its principle, but wished to have women record their votes by proxies, while the majority desired to see the female voters placed in all respects on the same footing as the male ones; and the latter is the course adopted finally. A writer suggests that the majority, being so small, may be reversed; but he forgets that the Parliamentary vote gives the power of self-defence, and therefore can rarely be taken away. Any legislation that takes place for the benefit of women here can at any time be reversed, as it has been granted, by men; but the women electors of New Zealand would have the right themselves to vote on the question of depriving them again of the Parliamentary franchise; and, though many women are indifferent as to getting it, there has never been a case where they were willing to give it up when they had it. There is one of the States of the American Union (Wyoming) where women are now allowed to vote. This right was given them when it was a sparsely peopled territory; and, when the population justified the admission of Wyoming to the Union, with representation in the United States Senate, the question of excluding the women from voting in future was raised. But the women had votes themselves, and they refused to vote for any candidate for local Parliamentary office except such as were in favour of the retention of the political representation of both sexes in the new State; which was accordingly achieved.

Another of the eminent civil engineers whose works have done so much for England in the past half-century, Mr. Thomas Hawksley, F.R.S., has died, at the age of eighty-five. He was a native of Nottingham, and his first important task was to design and construct the waterworks for that town. Engagements of a similar kind, in many cities and towns of Great Britain and foreign countries, occupied the most active part of his life; he was also much employed as a consulting engineer. Mr. Hawksley was the first to suggest the system of "constant service" water supply, which has been one of the greatest benefits ever conferred on urban populations, as it combines the most free and ample supply with the repression of waste and with greatly improved sanitary conditions. After the establishment of the Metropolitan Board of Works, controversies arose as to the arrangements for the Metropolitan Main Drainage, and in 1857 Mr. Hawksley was appointed, in conjunction with Mr. Bidder and Sir Joseph Bazalgette, to study and report upon the subject. The works were carried out according to their proposals. In 1868 he gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Water Supply, presided over by the Duke of Richmond, and in 1883 he appeared before another Royal Commission on the purification of the Thames. So late as 1892 he was examined by another Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Water Supply.



Photo by Adams and Stillard, Southampton.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS HAWKESLEY, F.R.S.

Doubtless M. Zola will in some future work give the impression made on his mind by England and the English. In particular, it would be interesting to have his opinion on Hatfield, that stately home of the Cecils, which he visited on Sept. 26. One of the advantages pertaining to this part of the programme of the Institute of Journalists was the fact that at Hatfield our foreign guests had a cicerone who spoke fluent French. This was Mr. R. T. Gunton, the private secretary to the Marquis of Salisbury, who escorted the party through the various fine apartments, full of historical associations. The quill pen with which the Berlin Treaty was signed was an object of particular attention.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Henry of Battenberg, is at Balmoral Castle, where she has been visited by the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife; also by the ex-Empress Eugénie and by Lord Cromer. Lord Rosebery is the Minister in attendance. The Duke and Duchess of York return from Scotland on Tuesday, Oct. 3, after stopping one night at Edinburgh; they visit York on their way to London, and are expected at St. James's Palace on the Friday. The Princess of Wales, with her two unmarried daughters, will return from Denmark about the same time.

In connection with the recent visit of the Duke of Connaught to Austria, and his presence at the Hungarian manoeuvres at Guns, the Emperor Francis Joseph has conferred upon his Royal Highness the honorary colonelcy of the 4th Regiment of Hungarian Hussars, which is in garrison at Maria Theresiopol, in Southern Hungary. We give a portrait of his Royal Highness in the first military uniform he ever wore as a child, that of the Foot Guards.

The autumnal meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce began at Plymouth on Tuesday, Sept. 26, attended by three hundred delegates. After being received by the Mayor and Corporation, Sir A. Rollit, M.P., President of the Association, delivered his address. He dwelt on the necessity of this country maintaining her military and naval strength in order to protect her trade and her possessions. There were signs of improvement in the commercial and industrial outlook; probably the worst of the depression had been seen, and, but for special circumstances in trade disputes, we should be further upon the rising grade. After alluding to the gravity and urgency of the problem of the relations between capital and labour, the president indicated the features of the trade-situation, which had recently brightened, and touched on the topics of technical education and railway rates. Resolutions were passed calling on the Government to protect the interests of British trade in Siam; in favour of the extension of railways in India and Burmah; suggesting another conference like that of 1887 on the subject of Imperial Federation; and in favour of the creation of courts of conciliation, under the supervision of the Board of Trade, to deal with labour disputes. In the evening the Mayor and Mayoress of Plymouth gave a reception to the delegates in the Guildhall.

General Sir Henry Norman has declined the appointment of Viceroy of India, on account of his age, which is sixty-seven, and will remain Governor of Queensland.

At a meeting of miners held at St. Helens, Lancashire, on Tuesday, Sept. 26, a resolution was carried in favour of the resumption of work by all miners who can do so at the old rate of wages. A similar resolution was also carried at a meeting of Pendlebury miners. Collieries continue to be reopened in Derbyshire on the basis of the payment of wages at the old rate.

The wedding gifts of the Corporation of London to the Duke and Duchess of York have been placed on exhibition at the Guildhall. The service of silver, which comprises nearly 1500 pieces, weighs 4275 ounces, and this is the gift of the Corporation to their Royal Highnesses. A collarette of pearls and diamonds is the Corporation's present to the Duchess, and both will be presented by a deputation from the Court of Common Council at York House on Saturday, Oct. 7.

The receipts on account of revenue from April 1, 1893, when there was a balance of £5,082,535, to Sept. 23, 1893, were £36,336,010, against £37,898,540 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £6,255,169. The net expenditure was £40,348,622, against £41,154,893 to the same date in the previous year.

A conference of the Co-operative Societies of the Midlands was held at Nottingham on Saturday, Sept. 23, with an exhibition of co-operative productions throughout the kingdom. The object of the meeting, which it is intended shall be annual, was to stimulate the productive branch of co-operation. At the conference Mr. George Evans, of Leicester, chairman of the Productive Committee of the Co-operative Union, read a paper, in which he contended that the co-operative movement, with its immense distributive trade, should support productive effort to a much greater extent. In the annual returns of the Co-operative Union it was stated that the trade of the retail societies for 1892 was £32,700,193, while the sales of the productive departments of both wholesale societies amounted only to £3,658,298. As to the future of co-operative production, very much would depend upon the attitude taken up by the societies themselves to prevent internal competition, and to promote unity of interests.

A new twin-screw steamer, the largest freight-steamer in the world, has been launched from the yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, at Queen's Island, Belfast, to take her place in the White Star cargo fleet. This vessel, named the Civic, is of the following dimensions: Length,

500 ft.; breadth, 60 ft.; depth, 38 ft.; estimated registered tonnage, 8315 gross, 5335 net; total capacity of holds, 14,089 tons. She will be fitted for the accommodation of 800 head of cattle on the upper and bridge decks, and will have permanent stalls for horses in the centre of the upper deck. The Civic will be fitted with two complete sets of triple expansion engines, driving separate propellers, and with every improvement that can be devised in respect of ventilation and fresh water supply.

The sculling championship of England was contested on the Thames, from Putney Bridge to the Ship Hotel at Mortlake, on Monday, Sept. 25, by Thomas Sullivan, of Sydney, New South Wales, a native of Auckland, New Zealand, against the successful champion of last year, George Bubeat, of Hammersmith, a native of Crediton, in Devonshire, who is about ten years older than Sullivan. The race was won by Sullivan, five lengths ahead of Bubeat at the end of the course, which was rowed by the winner in 22 min. 30 sec., in presence of a great multitude of spectators.

A shocking discovery has been made at Bathampton, near Bath: the remains of a young woman, unknown, covered up with stones and hidden in a quarry of Hampton Rocks. About two years ago a bloodstained handker-

Another deadly assassination plot of the Anarchists, in Spain, has caused loss of life. At Barcelona, on Sunday, Sept. 24, during a military review, two dynamite bombs were thrown into the midst of a group of staff officers, and exploded under the horse of Marshal Martinez Campos. The animal's legs were shattered, and the Marshal was wounded in the thigh. He fell heavily to the ground and injured his left shoulder. The explosion also wounded General Castelli, chief of the Staff, General Perez Clemente, Generals Bustos and Molins, an aide-de-camp, a civic guard, who was killed, several spectators, and two policemen. When the bombs were thrown the Marshal and his staff, all on horseback, were grouped together by the saluting point, and behind them was a dense throng of spectators. The bombs were large iron spheres charged with dynamite; and the concussion broke the windows of houses some distance from the review ground. The fragments of the bombs scattered in all directions, some falling into the midst of the crowd. The horses took fright, and plunged into the centre of the throng, trampling people down. A large number were severely injured in this way and by the crush. Marshal Martinez Campos, after his wound had been dressed, refused to take any repose, and telegraphed to the Queen-Regent informing her of the occurrence and of his own fortunate escape from death. In the afternoon he presided at the opening of a Literary Congress at the University of Barcelona. The man who threw the petards is named Pallas. He is a notorious Anarchist, and says it was his intention to kill Marshal Campos and the officers of his staff. His house has been searched, and in it were found a quantity of Anarchist papers. Two other persons have been arrested, who are known Anarchists.

The German Emperor has returned to Potsdam from his visit to the Emperor of Austria, and is about to visit the King of Sweden.

Prince Bismarck, whose health is greatly impaired, is leaving Kissingen for his own home at Friedrichsruh. He received on Sept. 19 a telegram from the Emperor William, expressing kind anxiety and inviting him to reside during the winter in one of the Emperor's castles more favourably situated with regard to climate. Prince Bismarck answered, sincerely thanking his Majesty, but saying that his medical adviser thought he would be more likely to recover amid his accustomed domestic surroundings.

The Brazilian insurrection is proceeding, but the result is still uncertain. On Sunday, Sept. 24, the city of Rio de Janeiro was again bombarded by Admiral de Mello's squadron, with worse effects than were caused by the first bombardment. Several women and children were killed, but the extent of the damage and of the loss of life is unknown, as no news is permitted by the Government to be sent direct from Rio. Part of Admiral de Mello's fleet is still keeping up a vigorous blockade of Santos; another squadron has been sent to Para. The Admiral's proclamation says: "President Peixoto, with the aid of corrupt members of the Senate and venal Deputies, has overridden the restrictions put upon their powers by the Constitution. He is trying to place Brazil under the rule of absolute tyranny. If by my aid in making this stand for liberty our cause shall triumph, I shall hand over the Government to the charge of those honourable men who gave freedom to our nation before." Four members of the Brazilian Congress have signed an address to the people, in which they say that the Peixoto Cabinet has been stealing the public funds, destroying the autonomy of the

States, and fomenting national war in order to serve personal ends. These acts, with the dictatorial conduct of the President and Vice-President, compel the signatories and representatives of the national will to make the present fight for freedom. They give Admiral de Mello the command of their forces at this juncture, with a view to restoring peace and law, and re-establishing Republican principles. The address closes with an appeal to all patriotic Brazilians to help their cause.

One of Admiral de Mello's vessels from Santos, while endeavouring to enter the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, was sunk by the fire from the forts. The whole of the crew perished. A steamer belonging to the Brazilian Lloyd's was seized by the rebels, but an engineer loyal to the Government placed charges of powder beneath the boilers, and also several parts of the machinery. He lighted the powder with a slow match, and then jumped overboard. In a few minutes there was a tremendous explosion, and the machinery was shattered to atoms and the vessel rendered useless.

There are insurrection and civil war also in the Argentine Republic. On Sept. 23 a battle took place in the Province of Santiago, between the rebel force from Tucuman and troops commanded by the Governor of Santiago. The rebels were defeated after a hard fight. Dr. Pellegrini has been dispatched with a body of troops to restore order in the disturbed provinces, has recaptured Tucuman, and imprisoned some rebel leaders. The town of Rosario is in the hands of the insurgents.



PRINCE ARTHUR (DUKE OF CONNAUGHT) AT THE AGE OF THREE.
From an Old Print.

chief and cuffs and a lady's gold watch and chain, also a broken walking-stick, were found near the edge of the quarry. The linen is marked with the name "Kerry."

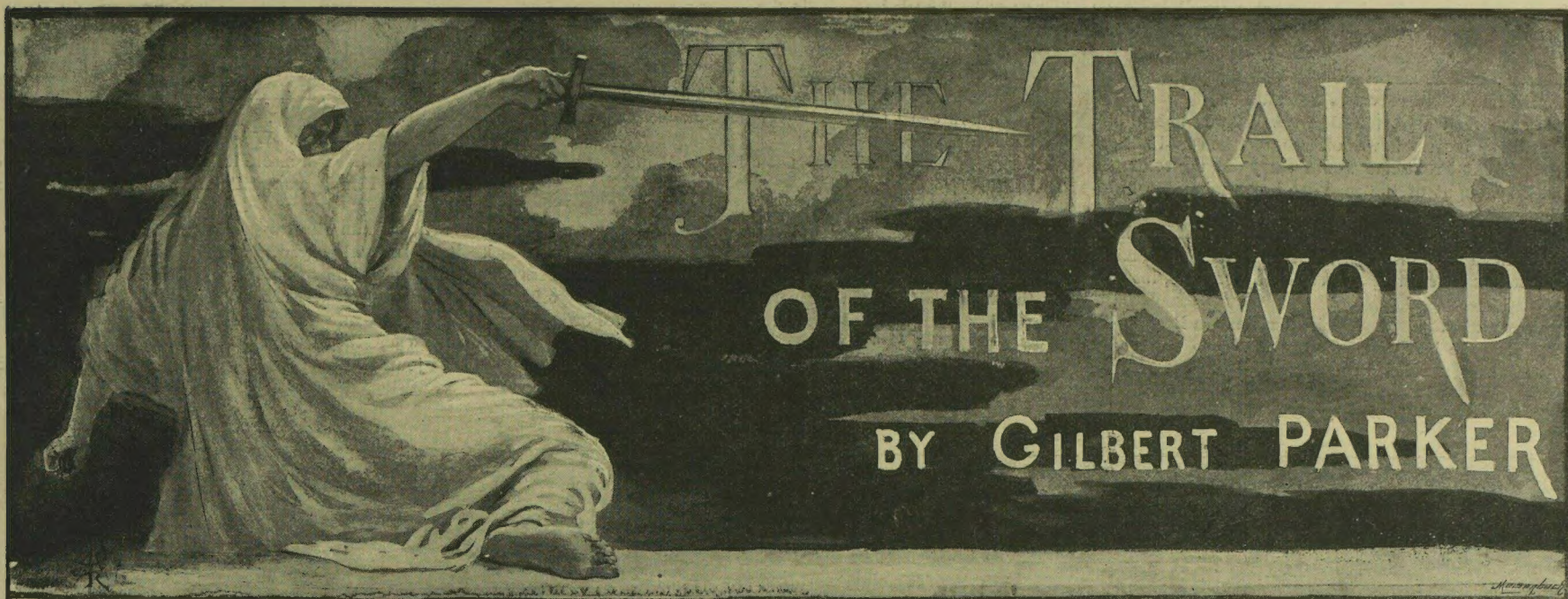
A few days ago, on the banks of the Grand Junction Canal, near Greenford, Middlesex, a poor woman and her children, searching a heap of rubbish thrown overboard by some canal barge, found a parcel of law papers and parchments bearing the name of a firm of solicitors in London. She took the documents to them, and they proved to be of great value, being deeds concerning house property in the City. The solicitors have communicated to this poor woman the promise of a small annuity for her life.

The President of the French Republic, on Sunday, Sept. 24, was at Beauvais to attend the review of the 2nd and 3rd Army Corps, lately engaged in manoeuvres in the valley of the Seine and Oise. After the review President Carnot entertained at breakfast the foreign officers, the generals and field officers of the French troops, and the civil functionaries. The Russian Military Attaché occupied a place of honour.

The police at Vienna have captured a band of fifteen Anarchist conspirators, and have found in a house occupied by one of them a quantity of explosive matter, including picrine, which is very difficult to obtain, shells, tin boxes, glass balls, tin and lead, and moulds for founding. There were papers, pamphlets, printed matter, and books, with a number of letters which prove that the Vienna Anarchists were in correspondence with the Anarchist party in America.



TEMPTATION.



CHAPTER XVIII.

A TRAP IS SET.

Gering was tried before Governor Frontenac and a full Council. That he, while a prisoner at Quebec, had sent a letter to Boston containing plans of the town, the condition of the defences, the stores, the general armament, and the approaches, was certain. The letter was intercepted.

Gering's defence was straightforward. He insisted that he had sent the letter at a time when he was a prisoner simply, which was justifiable. It was contended that he had sent it while he was a prisoner on parole, which was unjustifiable. The temper of the court was against him. Most important was the enmity of the Jesuits, whose hatred of Puritanism was keen for vengeance. They had seen the hand of the saints in every turn of the late siege, and they believed that the Lord had delivered the man into their hands as a sacrifice. In secret impressive ways their influence was strong upon many members of the Council, particularly those who were not soldiers. A soldier can appreciate bravery; and Gering had been a courageous foe. But he had killed one of the most beloved of Canadian officers, the gallant Sainte-Hélène! Frontenac, who foresaw an end of which the Council could not know, summed up, not unjustly, so far as the evidence was concerned, against Gering.

Gering's defence was able, proud, and sometimes passionate. Once or twice, his words stung his judges like whips across their faces. He showed no fear; he asked no mercy. He held that he was a prisoner of war simply, and entitled to be treated as such. So strong, indeed, was his defiant pleading, so well did his stout courage stand by him, that had Count Frontenac balanced in his favour he might have been acquitted, and held simply as a prisoner of war. But an hour before the trial began Iberville had had a solitary interview with Frontenac, in which a request was repeated on the one hand, and a promise renewed on the other.

Gering was condemned to die. It was, perhaps, the bravest moment of a brave life.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have heard your sentence; but, careless of military honour as you are, you will not dare put me to death. Do not think, because we have failed this once, that we shall not succeed again. I tell you, that if, instead of raw New England sailors, ploughmen and merchant captains, and fishing craft and trading vessels, I had three English war-ships and one thousand men, I would level your town from the Citadel to the altar of St. Joseph's. I do not fear to die; nor that I shall die by you. But, if so, it will be with English hatred of injustice."

His speech was little like to mollify his judges, and at his reference to St. Joseph's a red spot showed upon many cheeks, while his arraignment of their military honour sent an ominous light into Frontenac's eyes. But the Governor merely said: "You have a raw temper, Sir. We will chasten you with bread and water; and it were well for you, even by your strange religion, to qualify for passage from this world."

Gering was taken back to prison. As he travelled the streets he needed all his fortitude; for his fiery speech had gone abroad, distorted from its meaning, and the common people insulted him as he passed. As a chastening of the spirit, it was good exercise; but when, now and again, the name of Sainte-Hélène rang towards him, a cloud passed over his face. That touched him in a tender corner.

He had not met Iberville since his capture; but now, on entering his prison, he saw his enemy standing not a dozen paces from the door, pale and stern. Neither made a sign, but with a bitter sigh Gering entered his prison. It was curious how their fortunes had see-sawed the one against the other for twelve years.

Left alone in his cell with his straw and bread and water, he looked round mechanically. It was yet afternoon. All at once it came to him that this was not the cell whence he had gone that day. He got up, and began to examine it. Like every healthy prisoner, he thought upon the means and chances of escape.

It did not seem to be a regular cell for prisoners, for there was a second door. It was in one corner, and very narrow, the walls not coming to a right angle, but having another little strip of wall between. He tried to settle

exactly where it was situated, by tracing back in his mind the way he had come through the prison. Iberville or Perrot could have done so, would have done so, instinctively; but he was not woodsman enough. He concluded, however, that the doorway led to a staircase, as most doors of the kind did in old buildings. There was the window. It was small,

and high up from the floor, and even if the bars of iron were loosened he could not possibly squeeze through. Besides, there was the yard to cross and the outer wall to scale. And, even that achieved, with the town still full of armed men he would have a perilous run.

He tried the door. It was stoutly fastened. The bolts



Neither made a sign, but with a bitter sigh Gering entered his prison.

were on the other side. The keyhole was filled. Here was sufficient exasperation. He had secreted a small knife on his person. He sat down, turned it over in his hand, looked up at the window and the smooth wall below it; at the mocking door; smiled at his own despairing position, and then resigned himself to cheerless meditation.

He was concerned most for his wife. It was not in him to give up till the inevitable was on him, and he could not yet believe that Count Frontenac would carry out the sentence. At the sudden thought of the rope—so ignominious, so hateful—he shuddered. But the shame of it was for his wife, who had dissipated a certain selfish and envious strain in him. Jessica had drawn from him that Puritanism which had made him, by so much as it existed, self-conscious, envious, insular.

A few days after this, Jessica, in her home in Boston—in the room where she had promised her father to be George Gering's wife—sat watching the sea. Its slow swinging

hearing noises in the street, she stepped to the window. There were men below. This made her apprehensive. She hurried noiselessly over, kissed the old man, passed from the room, and met her old servant Hulm in the passage. The servant stretched out her hand in distress.

"What is it, Hulm?" she said, a chill at her heart.

"Oh, how can I tell you! Our fleet was beaten, and—my master is a prisoner."

The wife saw that this was not all. "Tell me everything, Hulm."

"Oh, my dear, dear mistress, I cannot!"

"Hulm, you see that I am calm. You are only paining me."

"He is to be tried for a spy!" She caught her mistress by the waist, but Jessica recovered instantly. She was very quiet, very pale, but the plumbless grief of her eyes brought tears to Hulm's face.

She stood for a moment in deep thought.

father still slept. She stooped and kissed his forehead, and fondled his thin grey hair. Then she spoke to Hulm.

"Tell him that I will be back soon; that my husband needs me, and that I have gone to him. Tell him that we will both come back; tell him that, Hulm, you understand!"

"Dear mistress, I understand." But she made a gesture of despair.

"It is even as I say. We will both come back. Something as truthful as God himself tells me. . . . Take care of my dear father—I know you will; keep from him the bad news; and cheer him."

Then, with an affectionate farewell, she went to her room, knelt down, and prayed. When she rose, she said to herself, "I am thankful now that I have no child."

In ten minutes a little company of people, led by Aaron Hulm, started away, making for a block house fifteen miles distant, where they were to sleep.

The journey was perilous, and more than once it seemed



In ten minutes a little company of people, led by Aaron Hulm, started away, making for a block-house fifteen miles distant, where they were to sleep.

music came up to her through the October air. Not far from her sat an old man, his hands clasping a chair-arm, a book in his lap, his chin sunk on his breast. The figure, drooping helplessly, had a distinguished look, an air of honourable pride. Presently he raised his head, his drowsy eyes lightened as they rested on her, and he said: "The fleet has not returned, my daughter? Quebec is not yet taken?"

"No, dear," she replied, "not yet."

"Phips is a great man—a great man!" He smiled. "Ah, the treasure!"

Jessica did not reply. Her fingers went up to her eyes. They seemed to cool her hot eyelids.

"Yes, it was good," he added, in a quavering voice, "and I gave you your dowry!"

Now there was a gentle, soft laugh of delight and pride, and he reached out a hand towards her. She responded with a little laugh which was not unlike his, but there was something more: that old sweet sprightliness of her youth, shot through with a haunting modulation—almost pensiveness; but that her face was so self-possessed. She drew near, pressed the old man's hand, and spoke softly. Presently she saw that he was asleep. She sat for some time not stirring. At last she was about to rise and take him to his room; but,

"Is your brother Aaron in Boston, Hulm?"

"He is below."

"Ask him to step into the dining-room. And when you have done that, please go to my father. And, Hulm, dear creature, you can help me better if you do not weep."

She then passed down a side staircase and entered the dining-room. A moment after Aaron Hulm entered the room.

"Aaron," she said, as he stood confused before her misery, "do you know the way to Quebec?"

"I know it very well. Madam, I am sorry—"

"Don't speak of it, Aaron. It is a time for action. Can you get a couple of men together to go there?"

"Within an hour."

"Very well, I shall be ready."

"You, Madam—ready! You do not think of going?"

"Yes, I am going."

"But it is not safe. The Abenakis and Iroquois are not friendly, and—"

"Is this friendly? Is it like a good friend, Aaron Hulm? Did I not nurse your mother when—"

He dropped on one knee, took her hand, and kissed it. "I will do anything you ask. I feared only for your safety."

An hour afterwards she came into the room where her

as if they could not reach Quebec alive; but no member of the party was more cheerful than Jessica. Her bravery and spirit never faltered before the others, though sometimes at night, when lying awake, she felt an unaccountable desire to cry out, or to end her troubles in the fast-flowing Richelieu. But this was only at night. In the daytime action eased the strain, and at last she was rewarded by seeing, from the point of Levis, the citadel of Quebec before her.

They were questioned, and kept in check for a time, but at length Aaron and herself were allowed to cross the river. It was her first sight of Quebec, and its massive, impregnable form struck a chill to her heart: it suggested inflexible sternness behind it. They were allowed to pass on towards the Château St. Louis, for the Frenchman's heart was soft towards women. The anxious wife intended to see Count Frontenac himself, and then, if her interview succeeded—or even if it did not—to find Iberville. Enemy of her country though he was, she would appeal to him. As she climbed the steep steps of Mountain Street, worn out with hard travel, she turned faint. But the eyes of curious folk were on her, and she drew herself up bravely.

She was admitted almost at once to the Governor. He was at dinner when she came. When her message was

handed to him, his brows twitched with surprise and perplexity. He summoned Maurice Joval, and commanded that she be shown to his study and tendered every courtesy.

A few moments afterwards he entered the room. Wonder and admiration crossed his face. He had not looked for so beautiful a woman. Himself an old courtier, he knew women, and he could understand how Iberville had been fascinated. She had arranged her toilette at Levis, and there were no traces of a long, hard journey, save that her hands and face were somewhat tanned. The eloquence of her eyes, the sorrowful, distant smile which now was natural to her, worked upon the old soldier before she spoke a word. And after she had spoken, had pleaded her husband's cause: his innocence of spying, his honesty and courage: and appealed to the nobleman's chivalry, Frontenac was moved. But his face was troubled. He drew out his watch and studied it.

Presently he went to the door and called Maurice Joval. There was whispering, and then the young man disappeared.

"You have spoken of Monsieur Iberville, Madame," said the Governor. "Years ago he spoke to me of you."

Her eyes dropped, and then they raised steadily, clearly. "I am sure, Sir," she said, "that Monsieur Iberville would tell you my husband could never be a spy. They have been enemies, but noble enemies."

"Yet, Monsieur Iberville might be prejudiced," rejoined the Governor: "a brother's life has weight."

"A brother's life!" she broke in apprehensively.

"Madame, your husband killed Iberville's brother."

She swayed. The Governor's arm was as quick to her waist as a gallant's of twenty-five. Not his to resist the despair of so noble a creature. He was sorry for her. But he knew that if all had gone as had been planned by Iberville, within a half-hour this woman would be a widow.

With some women, perhaps, he would not have hesitated; he would have argued that the prize was to the victor, and that, Gering gone, Jessica would amiably drift upon Iberville. But it came to him that she was not as many other women. He looked at his watch again. She mistook the action.

"Oh! your Excellency," she said, "do not grudge these moments to one pleading for a life—for justice."

"You mistake, Madame!" he said; "I was not grudging the time—for myself."

At that moment Maurice Joval entered, and whispered to the Governor. The Governor rose. "Madame," he said, "your husband has escaped."

A cry broke from her. "Escaped! escaped!"

She saw a strange look in the Governor's eyes. "But you have not told me all," she urged; "there is more. Oh! your Excellency, tell me all."

"Only this, Madame: he may be retaken and—"

"And then? What then?" she cried.

"Upon what happens then," he as drily as regretfully added, "I shall have no power."

To the quick searching prayer, the proud eloquence of the woman, the Governor, bound though he was to secrecy, could not be adamant.

"There is but one thing I can do for you," he said at last. "You know Father Dollier de Casson?"

To her affirmative he added: "Then go to him. Ask no questions. If anything can be done, he can do it for you. That he will I do not know."

She could not solve the riddle, but she must work it out. There was the one great fact: her husband had escaped.

"You will do all you can do, your Excellency," she said.

"I have done all I can."

With impulse she caught his hand and kissed it. A minute afterwards, she was outside with Maurice Joval, who had orders to bring her to the Abbé's house—that, and no more.

The Governor, left alone, looked at the hand that she had kissed, and said: "I am but a fool still. A woman in a million!" He took out his watch. "Too late!" he added. "Poor woman!"

A few minutes afterwards, Jessica met the Abbé on his own doorstep. Maurice Joval disappeared; the priest and the woman were alone together. She told him all that had just happened.

"There is some mystery," she cried. "Tell me, has my husband been retaken?"

"He has."

"Is he in danger?"

The priest hesitated. "Yes."

She spoke. "Once before I talked with you, and you said good things. You are a priest of God. I know that you can help me, or Count Frontenac would not have sent me to you. Oh! will you take me where my husband is?"

If Count Frontenac had had a struggle, here was a greater. First, the man was a priest, in the days when the Huguenots were scattering to the four ends of the earth. The woman and her husband were heretics, and what better were they than thousands of others? Then, Sainte-Hélène had been the soldier-priest's pupil. Last of all, there was Iberville, over whom this woman had cast a charm, perilous to his soul's salvation. He loved Iberville as his own son. The priest in him decided against the woman; the soldier in him was with Iberville in this event—for a soldier's revenge was its mainspring. But beneath all was a kindly soul which intolerance could not warp; and this at last responded.

His first words gave her a touch of hope.

"Madame, I do not know that anything can be done, but come."

(To be continued.)

ART NOTES.

The claims of Washington Allston, A.R.A., to rank among the distinguished artists of the century are so little known to the majority of Englishmen that many will think his reputation too slender to support the weight of Dr. Flagg's memoir (Bentley and Sons). Yet in his day Allston was held in high esteem by both artists and connoisseurs, and some of his most successful works are to be found in the private galleries of this country—at Petworth, Stafford House, and elsewhere. Allston's temple of fame, however, is in his own country; for although born in 1780, and therefore before the Declaration of Independence, he was far more thoroughly American than Benjamin West and John Copley, both of whom, born on the other side of the Atlantic, lived and died in this country. Allston, on the other hand, a native of Charleston, Carolina, and educated at Harvard College, was never more than a visitor to Europe, and passed the whole of his life in his native country from the time of election as an Associate of the Royal Academy until his death, in 1843. Dr. Flagg has, however, rendered a good service to his compatriot and to art biography in bringing together so much interesting matter respecting a distinguished painter and his friends. Amongst these were Coleridge, Leslie, Collins, Dana, and Washington Irving; and their letters show in what high esteem they held Allston's art as well as his character. The former, as illustrated by several excellent reproductions in this volume, shows the influence of Opie and Lawrence—and of

all coming directly from the gelatine process, or its more recent development of gelatino-bromide. The carbon process, which appeared first in 1865, was for a long time found inimitable for rendering half-tones, but recent experiments have brought it to a higher degree of perfection than was originally thought possible. The hopes of photography are now centred in the heliochromic process, of which M. Lippmann and his colleague, M. Lumière, have given some remarkable results. Many others also in France and Germany are working in the same direction, but in this country the newly invented electro-gravure, of which we recently gave a specimen in this Journal, seems, for the moment at least, to have turned attention to another process, by which, in printing, the tones can be more faithfully insured than by any other system in daily use.

A very welcome addition to the collection of pictures in the National Gallery, representing the Dutch school of artists, is Jacob van Ruisdael's seascape entitled "A View on the Shore at Scheveningen." The painter was born in 1628, and died in 1682, and during his career produced some very fine works of art. The picture now attracting attention at the National Gallery is in first-rate condition, and is a splendid example of harmonious colouring. The waves lie restless under the clouds, which seem to threaten a storm, while in the distance there is sunlight on the white cliffs. Careful detail, as is usual with Van Ruisdael's pictures, is shown in the figures, which give the scene a human interest. The old church, the boats, and the sky are all worthy of study.



"A VIEW ON THE SHORE AT SCHEVENINGEN."—BY JACOB VAN RUISDAEL.

Fuseli in the more imaginative work. Fuseli, it should be borne in mind, though unsatisfactory as a painter, was excellent as a teacher, and on Allston's first arrival in England and admission as an Academy student, Fuseli was the professor of drawing. His most successful work probably was that of "The Dead Man Revived by Touching Elisha's Bones," which carried off the two-hundred-guinea prize of the British Institution in 1812, and now in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts; but some of his portraits, notably those of his mother and of Benjamin West, show very remarkable powers and treatment of light and shade. It should be added that Allston was also a poet, and much of his imaginative painting shows that he was imbued with true poetic feeling.

Owners of daguerrotypes will, perhaps, learn with satisfaction that these unsatisfactory memorials of their friends and relations are becoming objects of the collector's pursuit. The oldest specimens are scarcely more than fifty years old, for it was only in 1839 that Daguerre, who had gained the first suggestion of sunlight reproduction on a sensitised surface, began his experiments. The actual first comer in the field seems to have been a M. Niepce de Saint Victor, a chemist at Châlon-sur-Saône, who obtained some interesting results on plates covered with bitumen and washed with oil of lavender. Daguerre improved upon this idea, and marked the first phase of photographic art by the introduction of silver-washed plates exposed to iodine vapours. The next important step was made by Talbot in 1847, who introduced the application of wet collodion to paper and the invention of positives and negatives. Eight years later (in 1855) a German, Herr Pretsch, made a further important step by the discovery of the use of the gelatine film as applied to photography. And this process held its ground for many years until M. Albert—who may be fairly regarded as the inventor of collotypes, autotypes, heliotypes, photo-lithography, and other methods of reproduction,

The work is not a large one, measuring about 30 inches by 24 inches, but its small size must not cause an excellent contribution to the Gallery to be overlooked. It is placed on a screen opposite to Rubens's masterpiece, "The Apotheosis of William the Taciturn," and Paul Potter's picture of an old grey horse.

As is probably well known, the majority of the historical monuments of France are catalogued and under the quasi-tutelage of the State. A sum is provided yearly in the budget of the Minister of Fine Arts, out of which the cost of keeping such buildings in repair is defrayed, and in this way the State obtains a voice in their disposal. Occasionally, however, all these precautions are useless, and we hear of old châteaux and monasteries being sold either piecemeal or *en bloc* to the enterprising dealer in curiosities. Something of this kind seems to have happened in the case of the ruins of the Abbey of St. Wandrille, near Caudebec, in Normandy. Of this once magnificent pile of buildings, the home of the fraternity of Saint-Maur, where the last of the Merovingians passed his life in obscurity, there still remain traces which bear witness to its long-sustained glories. The cloister, which dates from the fourteenth century; the refectory, with its vaulted wooden roof of a still older date; and the chapel of St. Saturnin, which is supposed to be contemporary with William the Conqueror, still retain much of their original beauty; while the additions made to the buildings by successive kings of France, from Charles VII. to Louis XIV., are in even a better state of preservation. The later history of the abbey is scarcely so picturesque. The last Prior, Dom Rault, sold the buildings in 1791 to a company, which first used them as a pin factory and subsequently as a cotton-spinning mill. Naturally, a good deal of damage was done by this invasion of industrialism, but enough remains to make the place worthy of preservation and public care.

THE COLLIERY STRIKES: DISTRESS IN THE LANCASHIRE COLLIERY DISTRICTS.

During the week ending Saturday, Sept. 23, the ninth week since the beginning of the colliery strikes in England and Wales, the situation of affairs in the Midland coal districts, especially in Derbyshire, remained very unsatisfactory. Several colliery proprietors at Ilkeston and other districts intimated their willingness to reopen their pits at the old rate of wages, and made hasty preparations, including the lowering of ponies into the pits, for the men resuming work. It was generally thought they would follow the example of those at the Kilburn colliery; but, having consulted the local representatives of the Miners' Association, the men were advised not to go to work, even on those terms, until the dispute is thoroughly settled. The miners themselves were greatly disappointed, and the outside public condemned such a suicidal policy in view of the amicable offers, as many of the miners and



AT A COLLIERY STRIKE MEETING.

their families are on the verge of starvation. The military have been removed from Alfreton to Chesterfield to await any emergency, but the chief of police reported all the mining divisions of the county as quiet. The 17th Lancers are still stationed in the Drill Hall at Derby, to act when called upon. The feeling in Derbyshire is growing stronger for a resumption of work where the old rates would be paid, and another ballot on this question will be ordered and a general conference will be fixed at an early date.

Several mass meetings of Yorkshire miners have been arranged, the speakers to include Mr. Pickard, M.P., Mr. H. Parrott, and Mr. E. Cowey, the chief officials of the Yorkshire Miners' Association. More firms in the Leeds district have stopped for want of fuel, and the distress is daily increasing, especially in the Castleford, Methley, and Normanton districts.

In Lancashire there are indications of a settlement of the dispute. At some pits men are returning to work at the old rate of wages, and there are prospects of large collieries in Lancashire starting work again on the same terms. A large proportion of the works in the district



GATHERING WASTE COAL AT INCE, NEAR WIGAN.

have already had to go on short time or stop some portion of their plant, owing not only to difficulties in regard to fuel supply, but to the steady upward movement in the prices quoted for supplies coming in from outside districts. Others are preparing to take a similar course, which will be forced upon them unless satisfactory arrangements can be made with the proposed joint conference of the Coal-owners' Committee and the executive of the Miners' Federation for some prompt settlement of the dispute. At the monthly meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Miners' Federation held in Manchester on Sept. 23, it was decided that a special meeting of the Lancashire Federation should be held, when delegates would be appointed to represent the district at the general conference. It was stated that Mr. Fletcher, a colliery proprietor at Little Lever, near Bolton, had made an offer to his men of 30 per cent. advance in wages if they would return to work, on condition that the 30 per cent. should go to the Miners' Federation and that the consent of the Federation should be obtained before their returning to work. The meeting decided that it could not authorise any men to return to work until they had obtained the permission of the Federation. One or two small collieries in North Lancashire and in West Lancashire had recommenced work at the old rate of wages. The meeting, however, unanimously passed the following resolution: "That this meeting of Lancashire and Cheshire miners' representatives is of opinion that all those miners who have commenced working in this and other districts, even at the old rate of wages, before obtaining the consent of the Federation of Great Britain, are deserving of condemnation."

In the neighbourhood of Wigan, in Lancashire, where no acts of violence have attended the colliery strike, there is great distress, the whole population of that township being dependent on the coal and iron industries. We respond

willingly to an appeal from Mr. Isaac Wilson Lawrence, of the Ince Coal and Cannel Company's works there, to recommend the charitable subscription which is being raised for the relief of starving families. He has sent us some photographs representing the scenes above ground at a refuse or spoil bank. In the getting of coal a large amount of rubbish, or dirt, as the miners call it, is wound to the surface. This must necessarily contain a certain quantity of coal, but the quantity being so small it would not pay the cost of sorting. Owing to the great distress which prevails in this locality, the miners and their wives and children are turning these immense heaps over in all directions and picking out the coal. Some idea of it may be formed when they have to turn over some tons of dirt to get a hundredweight of coal. The other illustration shows the women and children waiting at a soup-kitchen, which is conducted by Inspector Jump, of the Lancashire County Police Force, and a committee formed of tradesmen,



AN ORATOR OF THE COLLIERY STRIKE.



CHILDREN WAITING AT THE SOUP-KITCHEN AT INCE, NEAR WIGAN.

a clergyman, the parish priest, and workmen living in the neighbourhood. The kitchen, and dining-rooms consist of three old warehouses and a canvas tent; and in these places about 2000 children, from the ages of two years to thirteen, are fed daily with either rice and milk, or potato hash, pea-soup and broth and bread. Besides these about a thousand women receive daily a loaf and a quart of soup or broth. As the coal and iron works are all stopped, the trade of the township is paralysed.

A serious state of affairs prevails at Widnes, in Lancashire, where, owing to the coal strike, the chemical works are at a standstill. Nearly 5000 men are out of work, and there is great destitution. Soup-kitchens have been opened all over the town, and about 6000 persons are fed daily. The sale of coal for household purposes has practically ceased, and for the small quantity of coal in the market prohibitive prices are asked.

The demands on the Durham coalfield for supplies of coal and coke for South and West Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, and other manufacturing districts have been extremely urgent. High rates have been offered and paid.



MICHAELMAS GESE.



A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO: SKETCHES BY G. MONTBARD.

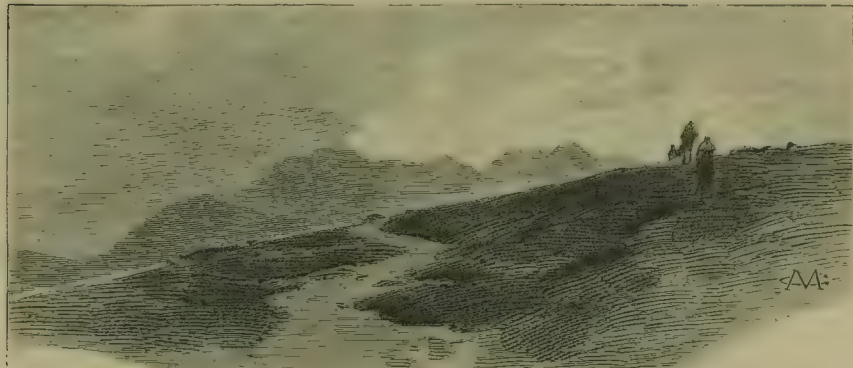
Between Fez, Wazan, and Alcazar, a journey north-west of seventy or eighty miles on the way back to Tangier, lies the wide undulating plain traversed by the Sebou, the largest river in the country, with its tributary, the Wergha; and, beyond Wazan, the most fertile and best

cultivated part of the valuable province of El Gharb. The chief towns, Wazan and Alcazar, which have little settled trade, are situated in the neighbourhood of rocky hills, on whose northern slopes grow fine olive-woods; but Alcazar, which the Moors call El Kasr el Kebir, lies low in a marshy

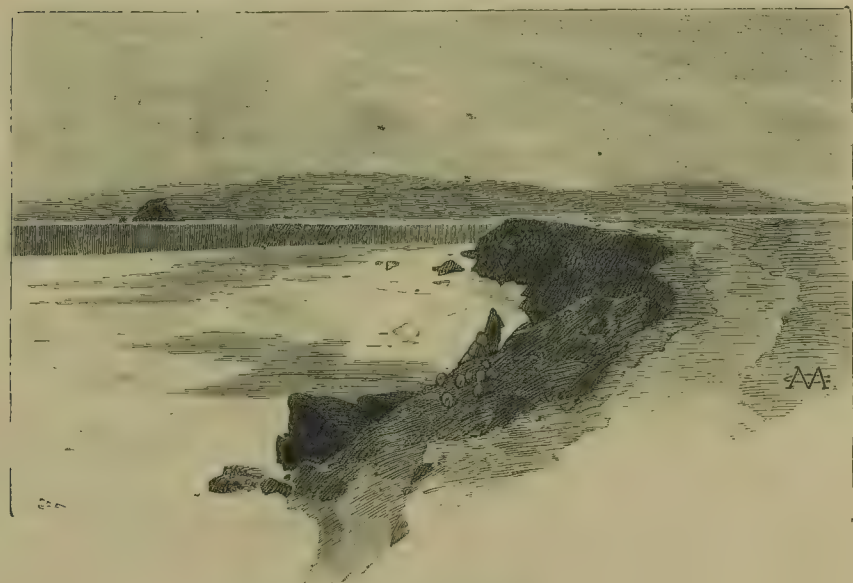
plain, with no beautiful surroundings. It is a place of much historical fame; the European version of its name denotes its former importance in the Portuguese dominion of Morocco, which was overthrown, in effect, by the battle of El Kantra, in this neighbourhood, on Aug. 4, 1578, when Don Sebastian and his knights were defeated by Abdel-Malek, called the Mameluke, with great slaughter. The Moorish Sultans have reigned ever since that event in North-west Africa. This town, governed by a Kaid under the Pasha of Larais, is decayed and dirty, with squalid habitations, forming a maze of crooked alleys, often blocked with muck-heaps, amidst which is the Soko, or market-place, in rainy weather ankle-deep in mire. It contains no interesting architectural monuments, though it is said to have been once magnificent, having been embellished by Yakoub el Mansour in the twelfth century; and there are traces of Roman building. At the foot of the minaret of the chief mosque a Greek inscription has been found. The mutability of empires, without any relic of their majesty, is proved by the wretched aspect of this place. To the south of Alcazar, in the valley of the Wady el Kouss, luxuriant foliage of trees and good fields of wheat or

barley afford a pleasing view, bounded by the Djebel Sarsar, a region of bare white rocks, which makes a striking contrast.

The diverse races of people in Northern Morocco form a subject of ethnological study. By far the most numerous are the Berbers, including the mountaineers of the Riff, near the Mediterranean coast, who are nearly the same as



ON THE WAY FROM FEZ TO WAZAN.

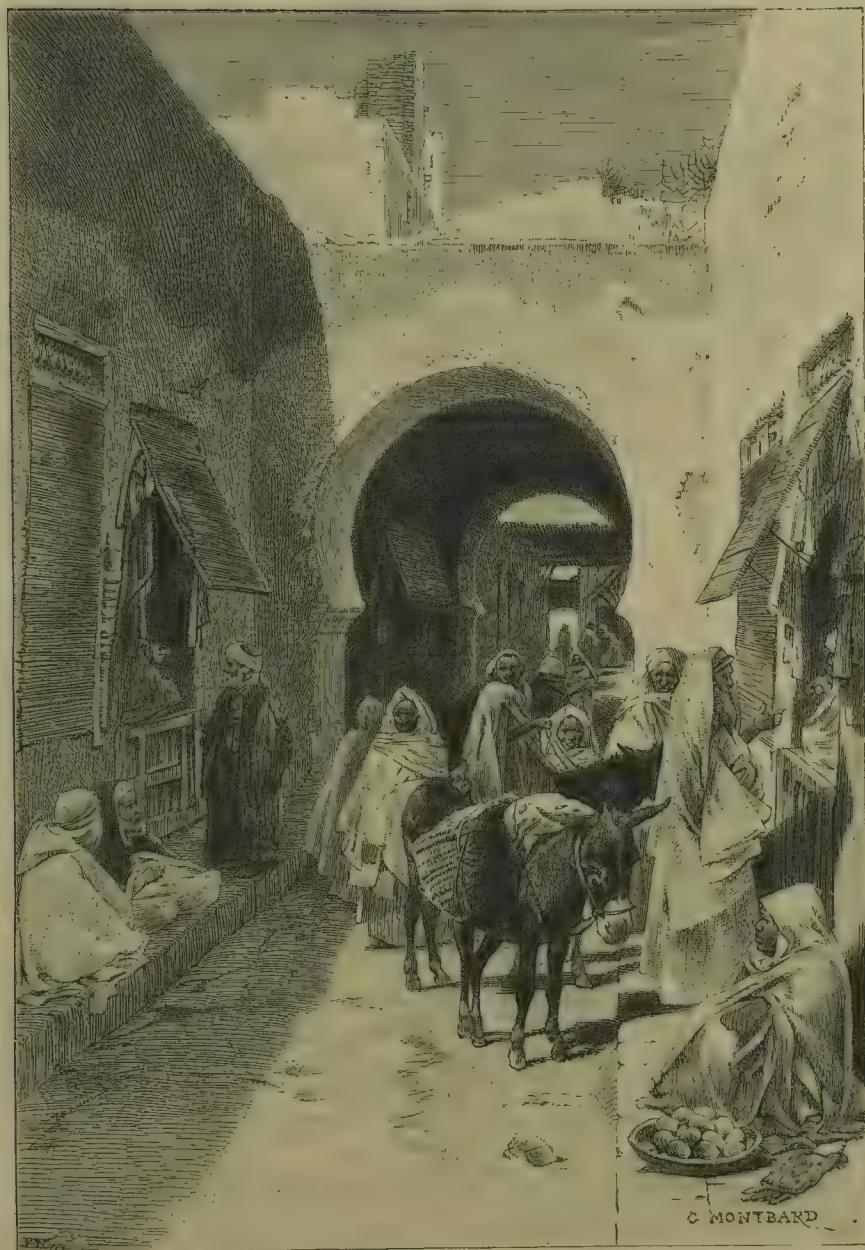


THE RIVER SEBOU

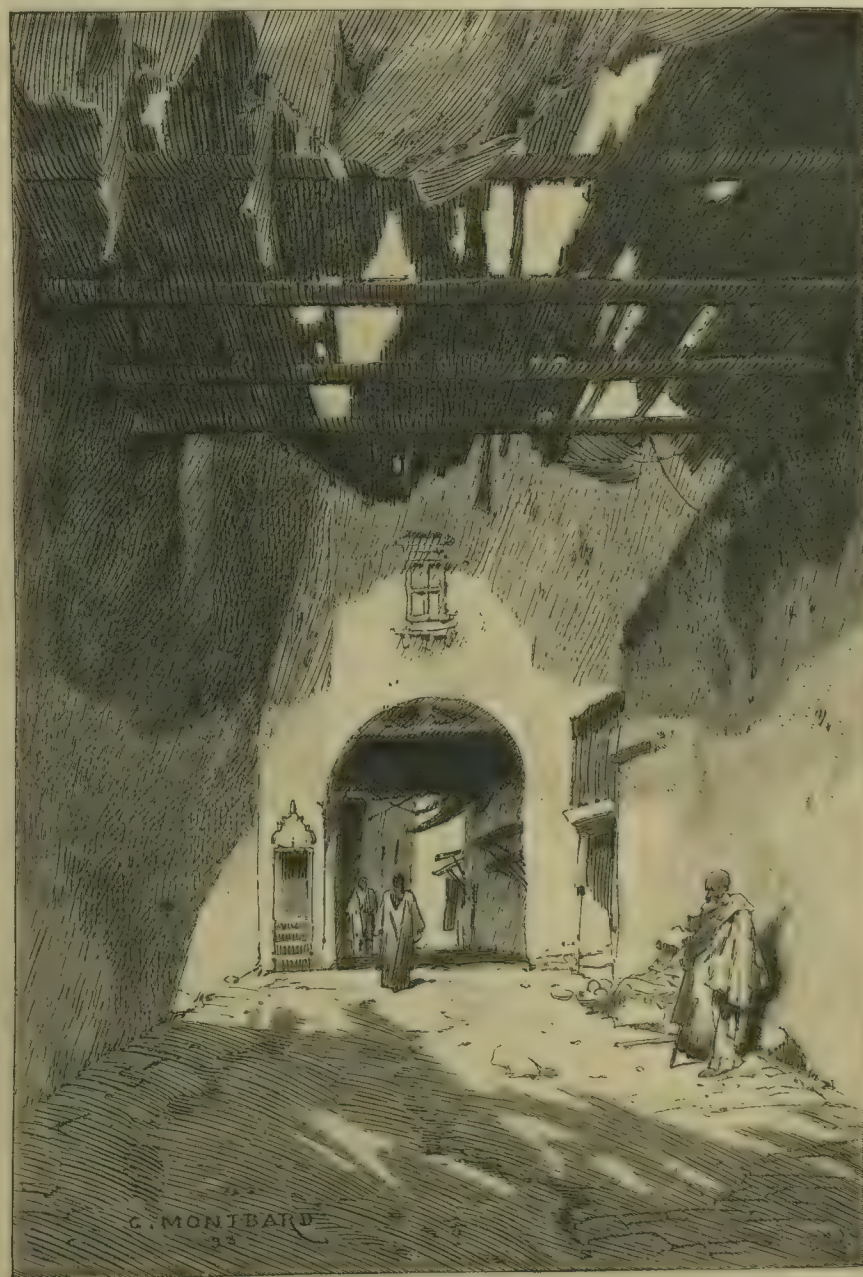


A NATIVE TRAVELLER.

the Kabyles of Algeria. It is from the Perbers that all the western part of the African shore, from Tunis and Algiers to Tangier, was long called "Barbary." They are not, like the proper Moors or Arabs, a Semitic race, but the offspring of Ham or Canaan, and were probably the Gætulians or Numidians known to ancient Rome.



STREET IN WAZAN.



STREET IN ALCAZAR.



IN THE REAR OF A CARAVAN.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

AN ADVENTURE AT THE "ZOO."

From early childhood I have had an evil presentiment about the denizens of the jungle in Regent's Park. Some people go through life with an apprehension that they will fall down a precipice, or be burnt in their beds, or mangled in a railway accident. My constant dread is that I shall be eaten by lions and tigers or trampled to death by elephants. As I am not likely to emigrate to Africa or Hindustan, there may seem small reason for uneasiness, but with a community of wild beasts in the middle of London you can never tell what may happen. Ferocious brutes are always escaping from menageries. An elephant devastated North London a few days ago, and it is by the merest chance that I do not dwell on the banks of the New River. Figure, then, my horror when I received a peremptory injunction to accompany the most intrepid of our artists to the "Zoo," and make a picture of the new lions who have taken up their quarters there! I had not visited that terrible spot since the day when I was carried shrieking from the very jaws of the hippopotamus because I had eaten the bun which was intended for that appalling monster. He might not know my face again, but it was quite impossible to forget his; and the prospect of beholding him once more, bunless and bloodthirsty, froze my very marrow.

"You needn't worry about the hippopotamus," said our artist, when I told this story. "We shall not go anywhere near him."

"But he may be roaming through the forest with unfeeling youngsters on his back."

"It is the elephant who walks about, not the hippopotamus," said my companion, with some impatience.

"The elephant! Good gracious! Am I to be at the mercy of a beast with feet like tree-stumps? It is very well for a man of your undaunted courage, not to say foolhardy recklessness, but I have no passion for sport in the jungle. I won't go in. Hi, there! hansom!"



Photo by Russell, 17, Baker Street.

THE NEW LION AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



Photo by Russell, 17, Baker Street.

THE NEW LIONESS OBJECTS TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED, AND SMASHES OUR ARTIST'S CAMERA.

But our artist is a determined man, and seizing me by the arm, he dragged me through the turnstile. In another moment we came full upon an elephant surmounted by the usual crowd of children. A sort of hysterical frenzy took sudden possession of me. Pointing at the beast with a copy of *The Illustrated London News*, I cried—

"Look at him! Call that an elephant! Why, his legs don't keep time! You're a silly lot of infants to sit up there, and think it's a real animal. I'll tell you what it is—it's Griffiths Brothers inside a tarpau—"

Just then the elephant gripped the paper with his trunk, and calmly swallowed it. The children roared with delight, but the keeper used some strong expressions.

"Never mind," I said soothingly. "If it does him any harm you can open him as a picture gallery."

"Look here," said our artist, with decision, "if you play any pranks with the lions it's as much as your life is worth."

I tottered into the lion-house feeling like an early Christian martyr. There were rows of striped cats, very vicious and horribly restless. The tiger and the leopard and the jaguar seemed to be walking for wagers, and never arriving at the winning-post.

"Bless you, it's near feeding time!" explained a weather-beaten man who fixed me with a glittering eye, like the Ancient Mariner's, as who should say, "And a mighty unsatisfactory meal they'll make of you!"

"But who is this?" I asked, pointing with trembling finger at a cage which contained a creature amazingly like a lady of my acquaintance.

"That? Oh, that's the cheetah."

It was the very image of Enimeline in one of her tantrums. There was the prim mouth very tightly compressed, while the nose, the eyebrow, the toss of the head, the whole expression threatened me with an outbreak of, "Well, I'm sure! Pretty behaviour, I do think. How you can have the assurance to look me in the face after your goings on last night! Oh, you need not justify yourself! And that cat Maria, who calls herself my friend, I'll teach her—"

But let any man who is

accustomed to scenes of this kind snatch a fearful joy by rehearsing them quietly with the cheetah.

Connubial bliss was not conspicuous in the lion-house. The king of beasts was evidently bored by his mate. A very handsome, tawny lion, presented by the Queen to the "Zoo," sat in stately reverie, as if he were wondering what had become of the crown and the unicorn. Another monarch of the wilderness, who has been in captivity sixteen years, showed suppressed irritation with his spouse, a young and sprightly damsel (probably his third) with a white beard. She prowled round him in the highest spirits, but he seemed on the point of exclaiming, "Confound this woman! why doesn't she occupy herself with some thing useful—a shave, for instance—and leave me to my pipe and the evening paper!"

But this was not the lion of our quest. We found him and his lioness in the caged yard behind the house. The critical moment had come, and I shook in every nerve.

"Now, I want you clearly to understand your share in this business," said our artist, with great deliberation, as he put his camera into position. "You must engage the attention of these animals while I photograph them. No, it's no use protesting. You have been appointed to this duty—I'm blest if I can tell why, for a more unlikely man to amuse a lion I never saw. But here you are, and I must make the best of you. Now, how will you address them?"

"Good morning, have you —"

"No, that won't do. Ask them how they like their food."

I turned shuddering to the bars, and said: "Do you pre-prefer raw artist or a sl-slice off the breast of a lit-literary man?"

"Well, what do they say?" asked my companion, who had buried his head in the cloth of his camera.

"He says raw artist has no flavour, and she says literary man is too rich."

This lion is one of the ugliest ruffians I have ever set eyes on. He lay quite motionless, with a sullen glare in his yellow eyes. He has a very broad nose, and an air of many convictions, as of one who is well known to the police. His mate, of whom he took no notice, was full of play, and gambolled about till I heard a muffled voice murmur—

"Can't you keep her still?"

"My dear Madam," I expostulated, in a trembling tone, "if you will deign to listen to an improving anecdote, I will tell you the story of the slave who once picked a thorn out of a lion's foot. The lion sat very quiet, indeed quite lamb-like, as I am sure you will sit in a moment, and he never forgot the slave, for years after, when he met him again as an early Christian, instead of eating him—I am sorry to mention it, but in those days your ancestors had the most uncivilised appetites, not like yours, which, I am sure, cares for nothing but bread and milk—"

"I've got her!" shouted our artist. "You can dry up that rubbish!"

He took out the plate and placed his camera on the ledge just outside the bars. In an instant the lioness thrust out a paw and clutched it. Whether she resented the art of photography or thought she would inspect the picture, I do not know, but I fled for my life, and nothing in the world will ever induce me to enter the "Zoo" again.—L. F. A.



Photo by Russell, 17, Baker Street.

THE NEW LIONESS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.



PSYCHE.

BY A. GESSNER.



1. Descending by the Man-Engine.
2. Pumping Shaft.

3. Girls employed above ground.
4. View of the Levant Mine, near St. Just.

5. Some of the Miners.
6. One of the Levels.
7. Miners driving a Stop.
8. Emptying the Skip.

CONVICT LIFE IN BURMAH.

By the acquisition of Upper Burmah the convict establishment in the province has had to be greatly increased. New prisons have been built in all the districts; some, as in Mandalay and Myingyan, being of very large size and capable of holding over a thousand convicts in each. In spite of all this, the prison accommodation has been strained to the utmost, owing to the great numbers of convicts that resulted from the putting down of the Burmese rebellion and dacoity. With the advent of peaceful years this strain will no doubt decrease.

From a report recently published we find there are now thirty prisons in Burmah. Of these only six are large central jails, where the long-term prisoners are confined. These are capable of holding over a thousand convicts in each, the Rangoon prison sometimes holding as many as 3000. The rest of the prisons are small district jails where chiefly short-term prisoners are kept. These prisons are at the headquarters of each of the districts into which Burmah is divided, and are usually capable of holding from 100 to 250 prisoners.

The superintendents of all the prisons in Burmah are medical men, either commissioned or warrant medical officers, to whose zealous and intelligent work the Inspector-General has frequently borne testimony. The Government has, no doubt, been a great gainer by its decision to appoint only medical officers to the charge of all its prisons. The prison administration of Burmah has always been a credit to the province. The Burmese prisons are far more efficiently and economically worked than the prisons in Bengal, Bombay, or Madras. Thus a convict in Burmah costs the Government in a year 65 rupees, while in Bombay and Bengal a convict costs 70 rupees, and in Madras 72 rupees. This success is mainly due to the able management of Surgeon-Major Sinclair, the Inspector-General of Jails for Burmah, whose



PRISONERS VISITED BY THEIR FRIENDS.

work has frequently called forth the thanks of the Government.

These jails cost the country 745,309 rupees yearly. The convicts, however, earned in Lower Burmah 281,512 and in Upper Burmah 41,221 rupees. Each prisoner thus earned 17 rupees 7 annas a year. But as he costs the Government 65 rupees, the jails are a very long way from being self-supporting. It is difficult to see how they can be rendered so, for in the first place there would be

much complaint if jails were to compete with outside enterprise, and in the next place there will always be great difficulty experienced in Burmah in finding suitable and at the same time profitable employment for the convicts. Among the various occupations in force are carpentry, blacksmithery, stone-breaking, paddy-husking, coir-pounding, mat-making, brick-making, wheat-grinding, weaving, tailoring, and gardening. In nearly all prisons the convicts grow their own vegetables. The prisoners also manufacture their own clothes.

To give a description of the daily life of a convict in a Burmese prison would take up too much of our space, but our Illustrations will give a more vivid idea of convict life than many pages of description.



A CONVICT WARDER.



WEEKLY EXAMINATION OF FETTERS



PRISON GUARD RELIEVING SENTRY.



SHAVING PARADE.



WEEKLY WEIGHING OF PRISONERS.



ROMANCE AND REPOSE.

SCOTCH RELIGIOUS CHANGES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Scotland does not stand where it did in many matters, but the religious changes are among the most curious. Perhaps thirty years ago Scotland was still true to Calvin, John Knox, the solemn League and Covenant, and the Shorter Catechism. Her Biblical criticism was summed up in a famous remark as to "Every word between the two boards o' this Buik." There exists (at least in one of the Hebrides a copy exists) a book illustrative of the Shorter Catechism. Here we find an anecdote about a minister who was taken to see Oxford. He showed a plentiful lack of interest in colleges, halls, and museums, and at last one of his friends said, "Doctor, you don't seem to care much about architecture?" "These are fine buildings," said the worthy man, "but I was just thinking that the topic of Justification has never yet been fully considered"; so they went back to their inn, where, not perhaps without the refreshment of whisky, they settled down to serious discourse. This was then a proper frame of mind; now, I fear, this minister would have shown tastes more secular. Many young ministers wear what Mr. James Sharp (before he became Archbishop) would have called "Babylonish garments"; long black coats, queer waistcoats, and even on their watch-chains little crosses, "remnants of idolatry," which, perhaps, denote membership of some

vitrified." Oddities of that kind, for want of a Liturgy, used to creep into our public supplications, and Heaven has actually been requested (by a probationer) "to keep one eye on the minister of this parish." What with hymn-books, standing while singing, kneeling at prayers, and adaptations from that service-book which, as the martyred Guthrie said, "leads to the mystery of Babylon," one hardly knows the Scotch kirks of to-day. The "Kist fu' o' whistles" is heard in the land, and the Great Marquis has his tomb and monument in St. Giles's, where the "Great Argyll" seems to lack this honour for the present. "Did the Covenanters die for this?" people ask, and, indeed, Davie Deans would be sadly nonplussed. Meanwhile, the Free Kirk seems in actual danger of a schism, a secession.

Some members find in the extreme Calvinism of the old declarations, or confessions of faith, or articles, or whatever is the technical name for them, a stone of stumbling. Predestination, and the possible condemnation of "bairns a span long," are no longer welcomed. Mr. Wodrow informed a poor woman with a large family that it would be "an uncouth mercy" if all her children escaped a doom too terrible to think upon. Our chances were then regarded as very poor off-chances. Now all this is altered, as far as the sentiment of, perhaps, the majority is concerned. To split so young a Kirk would be to give great occasion to

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

It has been announced that the Welsh members have received assurances that the prominent measure of the next Session of Parliament will be a Bill for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Welsh Church. Well, it is true that prominent members of the Government have expressed themselves privately in this sense, but I cannot learn up to the time of writing that any authoritative word has been spoken on the subject. Mr. Gladstone prefers to remain uncommitted.

There seems to be considerable hesitation over the threatened opposition to the Parish Councils Bill. The clergy are not meeting with so much sympathy from Conservative politicians as they expected. In the interests of the Conservative party, it is apparently considered unwise to do anything that would seriously impede the passing of the measure. Viscount Cross, at the Carlisle Diocesan Conference, said that the Bill must be purged of everything that was calculated to injure the Church.

The Rev. J. B. Woollnough, of Worcester College, Oxford, Diocesan Inspector of Education in Tasmania, has been elected a member of the House of Assembly, and has taken his place as an Independent. It is stated, I believe not quite accurately, that he is the first cleric sent up to any British House of Parliament since 1801.—In India a missionary of the Free Church of Scotland has been appointed to the Legislative Council in Madras, and now goes by the appellation of the Hon. and Rev. William Miller.—A minister of the Presbyterian Church of England, the Rev. R. H. Lyall, of Longsight, Manchester, has joined the Church of England.—The Rev. Dr. A. J. Ross, of Stepney, a well-known contributor to the *Spectator*, was originally a Presbyterian minister in Brighton, but, if I am not mistaken, he was expelled on account of his theological views.—The distinguished scholar Dr. Edersheim, who was long before his death a priest in the Church of England, started a Presbyterian church at Torquay, and was for some time in Scotland as a Free Church minister.

The presence of the Rev. Arthur Tooth as preacher at St. Peter's, Birmingham, on the Wednesday in Church Congress week, will be welcomed by a large number of admirers.

The Rev. E. A. Stuart, the popular Vicar of St. James's, Holloway, has naturally disappointed his congregation by accepting the Vicarage of St. Matthew's, Bayswater. Mr. Stuart, in a frank and manly letter, explains that he makes no personal gain by leaving, and that the strain upon him at Holloway was so great that even though he had received no call elsewhere, he had seriously thought of resigning.

The Bishop of Derry's address at Westminster Abbey on Mashonaland was exceedingly racy, and was listened to with close attention. The drift of the speech was in favour of annexation. The Bishop said that the country practically belonged to Great Britain, and that the Matabele inhabitants were not the original possessors of the land, but cruel, half-bred Zulus, and that the chartered company was bound to protect the brave Englishmen and Englishwomen who were already there. The missionaries were opening the land to civilisation, and the country had its attractions and advantages. The Bishop's epigrammatic gift had some play in the oration. Lobengula was described as "an astute, lascivious, and sanguinary savage." V.

GLEE SINGERS AT SPALA: THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY

In a pine-forest on the banks of Pilica, near Warsaw, the Russian Emperor Alexander III. has built for himself a plain country-house, called Spala, where his Majesty, with the Empress and their children, usually accompanied also by his uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, and the Grand Duke Alexis, his brother, occasionally retires in the summer. The forest abounds with deer and feathered game, strictly preserved for the imperial sportsmen and a few invited guests. Domestic life at Spala is healthy and simple as at Balmoral, unlike that of Napoleon the Third's grand hunting parties at Fontainebleau. Its evenings are sometimes enlivened by the performances of a company of Polish glee singers from Warsaw, whose vocal efforts, rendering with good effect the original airs characteristic of the musical genius of their nation, delight the illustrious audience sitting after dinner in front of the house.



THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY LISTENING TO GLEE SINGERS AT SPALA, NEAR WARSAW.

guild or brotherhood. We hear of "High Churchmen" even within the National Zion; as to their distinctive ideas, this is no place for abstruse theology. However, they maintain that the beliefs of John Knox, on an essential point, were not what a vain people supposes. Mr. Wodrow, the historian of the sufferings of the Kirk, mentions, about 1720, a young preacher who declared, publicly, that the Kirk had caused a great deal of needless fighting and trouble between the Reformation and 1688. This startling opinion is not, perhaps, so rare as it was in Mr. Wodrow's day. I have but lately heard a Scotch sermon, in a remote place, which was merely staggering, it differed so much from old Scotch sermons. Predestination was conspicuous by its absence; the leading ideas of Calvin were not distantly alluded to; Cardinal Newman came in for a warm good word; fairies were spoken of as kindly as they could have been by Mr. Kirk of Aberfoyle. Then we had a disquisition on early religion, the practices of the Polynesian, the Pawnee, the Greek, the negro were introduced; one expected a few considerations on Tabous, but these were not provided. Nor was the preacher a young lad; far from it; and it was very evident that here was a minister like him who believed in "the Bible and the *Revue des Deux Mondes*." One of the old "Moderates" would have felt quite at home, and one had supposed that the old Moderate of Burns's time was an extinct animal. The prayers, on the other hand, did not contain miscellaneous information about "the comets, which, in their eccentric vagaries, sometimes approach so near the earth that it is in extreme danger of being

the enemy. "Your pot will be as black as ours when it has gone as long to the fire," said a Catholic to a Presbyterian, about the time of the Reformation. As black! why, the pot has already split into who knows how many potsherds: Free Kirk, U. P. Kirk, and the rest. It would be a pity to break the potsherds into smaller flinders, and no doubt the theologians, if they are wise, will find some eirenicon, and some new Petrus de Abano will arise as the Reconciler. As to the trouble caused by criticism, and "Robert Elsmere," and all the modern microscopists, the divers Kirks must find them very trying. Professors of Divinity have been heard to say the most startling things, and to advance hypotheses which one trusts are "only their fun," as Lamb said of Coleridge. "We live in times," as we are often told; about that we have only too much reason to be convinced. Meanwhile, the ancient Church is rearing her stately head, not only in hideous iron chapels, where once she had a cathedral, churches, shrines, but in that great affluent-looking college and monastery which stands where Fort Augustus stood, before Prince Charlie's guns battered it from a conveniently commanding eminence. How persevering has the old Church been, how indefatigable through two hundred years of persecution. *Nec tamen consumebatur*, she may say, like her supplanter. The Reformation did not cross the Shield, and much of Moidart has never wavered from "the practices of idolatry." Now the ancient Church sits with some splendour on the hills where her priests used to lurk of old, and, on the whole, the Free Kirk has reason to be very careful.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A circular has been issued by a philanthropic gentleman to the Press advocating that attention should be drawn to the spread of anthrax or splenic fever among cattle, and suggesting that the danger to labourers and others of acquiring this dreadful disease should be clearly pointed out. I am glad to aid this endeavour by the publication of the fact that labourers and others working among cattle or handling hides should be specially careful that they do not suffer from abrasions of the skin or cuts, since it is through such inlets that the germs of anthrax enter the body and convey the disease to man. Anthrax in the cow or sheep gives rise, of course, to a similar disease in man, through the human subject being inoculated with the germs of the ailment. Of old, it was known in man as "wool-sorters' disease," because, once upon a time, it was liable to occur in Bradford and elsewhere among those employed in wool stores.

I say "was": because after 1880 a committee of Bradford wool-manufacturers adopted measures which are of a preventible kind, in the way of disinfection of the wool, ventilation of the premises, whitewashing with lime and carbolic acid, and sundry rules as to personal hygiene on the part of the workers. These rules followed upon a report made by the Chief Inspector of Factories on the subject, and upon the report of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board for 1880. The late Mr. John Spear also embodied a series of valuable conclusions in his report on anthrax occurring in those employed in the London hide and skin trades. This report was published in 1883, in the appendix to the report of the Local Government Board for that year.

The Board of Agriculture, I observe, recently issued a useful circular to local authorities on the anthrax question, and suggested the publication of notices, through the police and otherwise, drawing attention to the danger incurred by those engaged in handling the carcasses of animals which have perished from the disease. It seems, however, that skinning and cutting the carcass of an animal affected with anthrax is an offence against the provisions of the Anthrax Order of 1892 (No. 5049); so that, as the law is to be interpreted, the whole carcass is to be burned or destroyed without being skinned, and before burial it is to be covered with quicklime. As the anthrax germs are contained in the blood of the animal, and probably run riot throughout the whole frame, it is easily seen that any incision into the body can only have the effect of allowing anthrax germs to escape; and I may add that they are singularly difficult of destruction. Their spores, or young forms, are still more resistant to disinfecting measures. This information, I agree with the correspondent who suggests the circularising of anthrax dangers, should be widely diffused. I see in the legal provisions dealing with the disease another strong argument in favour of the instant cremation of all carcasses affected with this, and indeed with any other ailment which is serious enough to necessitate the destruction of an animal.

A correspondent asks me if I can explain the marvellous performance of the "fakir" recently described as having been gone through at the Royal Aquarium. This Arabian fakir, I gather from the newspaper reports of the case, not only exhibited the gruesome feat of pulling his eye out of its socket and replacing it without apparent pain or damage to his sight, but stabbed himself in various parts of his body without hæmorrhage necessarily following upon the wounding, and without apparent ulterior effects. If this man be the same who performed in Paris; or if, as is likely, his feats are of a similar nature to those which the fakir exhibited there in the Moorish café in the Exhibition of 1889; or if he is, or resembles, the East Indian Soliman who gave *séances* at the Berlin Panoptikon, then one may form some conception, of the "miracles" to which reference has of late days been made.

Spectators of whose veracity no doubt can be entertained (leaving their detective and critical acuteness out of question altogether) have described how the fakir, in his "trance" state, seized live coals, blew them into a bright heat, and then bit them and ate them. Sheets of thin glass were also crushed and eaten; a prickly cactus was bitten and devoured; a serpent was made to bite him (presuming it to have been venomous), and had its head bitten off and half its body eaten; and then on a red-hot iron shovel the fakir not merely stood with his bare feet till it became black, but drew his left hand repeatedly over the red-hot iron, and also licked it with his tongue—and all this without uttering a sign of pain, and without sustaining any apparent injury.

Then succeeded feats of standing barefoot on the edge of a sword so sharp that it cut a piece of paper in two when the paper was drawn across its edge, the weapon being held about three feet off the ground by two men. The fakir also balanced his naked body on the sharp edge of the suspended sword, the sheikh pressing his body on that of the fakir, and all without injury. Another fakir stuck a dagger into his right eye, lifted it out of its socket, replaced the eye, gently rubbed it, and was apparently as well as before. No blood followed any of the wounds which might happen to have been inflicted.

I don't profess to explain these wonders. I must wait until I witness them before I can give any opinion regarding them. That opinion may not be worth much in the way of explanation when all is said and done; but assuming the published accounts of these feats to be correct, all I can suggest is that among the wonders of hypnotism may be included (I should say is included) a marvellous insusceptibility to pain, and that there may also be found in hypnotism some condition or other which renders its subjects insusceptible to injuries which in a waking state would prove highly disastrous or fatal. But this is a mere suggestion and nothing more. It won't explain the lifting of the eye out of the socket, and the unheard-of elasticity of the optic nerve and other structures. It will not account for the failure of swords to pierce, or serpents to poison, or glass to wound. Clearly, if such things be realities, the age of miracles is not yet past; but there are many clever tricks in the world yet unexplained.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BERTHOLD G TOURS (Pekin).—We are pleased to receive solutions from so far a city, and hope this column will continue both to interest and amuse you. Your solution is quite right, but unfortunately a superfluous one, the author intending something else.

G FRANKLAND.—Your communication reached us too late, but we notice the new venture below.

C WALSHAM (Crouch End).—Notice received, but too late for insertion. G DOUGLAS ANGUS.—The idea is good, but it has been worked so often that we dare not use it again.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Received with thanks.

W MILLER (Cork).—The answer to your proposed move is Q takes P (ch), and there is no mate next move.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2567 received from Berthold G Tours (Pekin); of No. 2574 from R Syer (San José); of No. 2575 from W F Jones (Belleville); of No. 2576 from J W Shaw (Montreal) and W F Jones; of No. 2577 from A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter); Fredric S Inclan (Havana) and Centeno (Malandro); of No. 2578 from H S Brandreth, E de P, and A W Hamilton-Gell; of No. 2579 from Rev W P Stephens, T Butcher (Cheltenham), A W Hamilton-Gell, Dr F St, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and A H Brown (Godalming).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2580 received from W R Raillem, H B Hurford, J Coad, H S Brandreth, T G (Ware), W R B (Plymouth), F J Knight, C E Perugini, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), B D Knox, L Desanges, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Alpha, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Henry Byrnes, E E H, T Roberts, A Newman, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Admiral Brandreth, R H Brooks, Shadforth, Julia Short (Exeter), W Wright, I E Way, A J Haggood (Haslar), R Worters (Canterbury), W P Lind, Martin F, A W Hamilton-Gell, C R Charrington, Charles Burnett, G Joicey, J D Tucker (Leeds), R Loudon, Sorrento, A P Hendrie, (Wolverhampton), J Ross (Whitley), M A Eyre (Colchester), Dr F St, G W Airley, and Captain J A Challice.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2579.—By PERCY HEALEY.

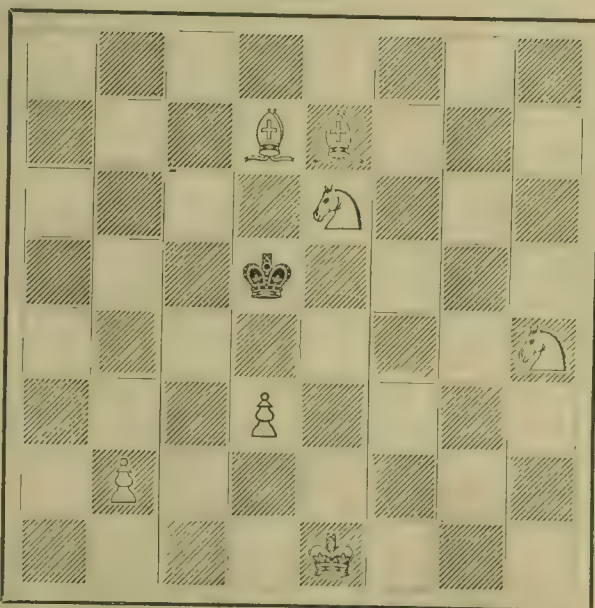
WHITE. BLACK.
1. R to K 5th K takes R
2. Q to B 5th Any move.
3. Q or R mates.

If Black play 1. P to B 6th, then 2. R to K 3rd, and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 2582.

By R. KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN HOLLAND.

Game played at the recent meeting of the Dutch Chess Association between Messrs. VAN LENNEP and VAN FORREEST.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt takes Kt P	Kt to Kt 2nd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. Q to R 6th	K R to Kt sq
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	15. B to Kt 5th	Q to B sq
4. Castles	Kt takes K P		
5. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd		
		16. Q takes P	K to B 2nd
		17. R to Q 3rd	P to K 4th
		18. R to B 3rd (ch)	B to K B 4th
		19. P to K Kt 4th	K to K 3rd
		20. R takes B	
		21. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 4th
		22. R takes K P	K to Q 2nd
			K to B 3rd
		23. Kt to K 7th (ch)	B takes Kt
		24. Q to K 4th (ch)	and wins.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

A brilliant game in the match between Messrs. LASKER and ETTINGER.
(Queen's Fianchetto Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. E.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q Kt 3rd	12.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Kt 2nd	13. R to R 3rd	P takes P
3. B to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd	14. Castles	Kt to K 2nd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	15. R takes B	B takes Kt
5. P to Q B 3rd	P to K 2nd	16. R to K R sq	Kt to Kt 3rd
6. Kt to R 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	17. K R to R 3rd	P to K R 5th
		18. P to K Kt 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
		19. P takes P	R to K B 2nd
		20. P to R 5th	B to B sq
		21. B to K 6th	Kt to R sq
		22. R to Kt sq (ch)	P to K R 3rd
		23. Q to K B 4th	K to R 2nd
		24. B takes P (ch)	B to Kt 2nd
		25. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt sq
		26. R (R 3) to Kt 3	Q to K 3rd
		27. Q to R 7th (ch), and mates in two moves.	

The last few moves are very fine. A better ending is not often seen.

As sound as it is brilliant. For K to B sq avails not, on account of Q takes Kt (ch) and mate.

All chess-players will be glad to learn that, without any preliminary trumpeting, a match has been arranged to take place at the St. Petersburg Chess Club between Mr. Tschigorin and Dr. Tarrasch. Five games a week will be played, and the winner will be the one who scores ten first, draws not counting. The contest will be the more attractive as it will form some guide to the chance Dr. Tarrasch would have in a match with Mr. Steinitz. The former is undoubtedly a champion of the first rank, but great tournament skill is not always reflected in match play, and in at least one notable instance it almost disappears. The style of Dr. Tarrasch, however, makes it probable he is as good at one thing as the other, and Mr. Tschigorin will have to do his best—great as it is—to beat him.

It is proposed to start a chess and draught club at Hammersmith. Intending members may apply to Mr. Frankland, 37, Godolphin Road, Shepherd's Bush.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Black and white, the combination favoured in dress for the summer, will retain its popularity for the coming season. The prevalence of ermine trimming is part of that arrangement. Black moiré is to be still in vogue as trimming for all sorts of colours, even on white in evenings, as shown in a very smart model, just over, of serpent-green faille, combined with black moiré and white lace. The trained skirt was quite plain, except that all round the bottom it was cut out in deep vandykes, in which were inserted points of black moiré, like gussets. At the hips appeared tiny panniers of black, ending in rosettes at the points of the bodice back and front. There was a deep berthe of white lace to finish the low décolletage, and at the points where this became the epaulettes overhanging the full sleeves were placed immense rosettes of the black. Velvet, or such a good substitute as "My Queen Vel-Vel," is used for bands on skirts and other trimmings, these parements being frequently of a strongly contrasting colour to the bulk of the costume. There is every indication that short basques will again be used upon many bodices. Revers are still employed.

The only other definite item of fashion news that I have this week is that the autumn jackets are being made for the most part with deep basques once more. These are often put on with a definite seam at the waist. Even if cut in one piece they are always full—not just at the waist, you understand, but sloping to a wide edge to match the bell shape of the skirts, which will persist more or less for the early winter. As to cloaks, happily for "the masses" of us they are almost exactly like those of last season, being cut very full, half or medium three-quarter length, and often with high collars and often with capes over the shoulders, whether of the single or triple variety. While the big sleeves persist the cloak must be by far the more convenient article for a wrap; but, on the other hand, the jacket showing the figure is more girlish and becoming to all slender women; so it retains its popularity. The best way to meet this difficulty is to have a blouse to put on instead of the ordinary dress bodice when the jacket is to be worn and not taken off. A soft silk blouse—and very decent surah for making such a bodice can be had for less than three shillings a yard, and three and a half yards will do—can even be constructed to have full sleeves that will be presentable if the dress should have to be removed unexpectedly, for surah bears crushing tolerably well. Such a blouse is more comfortable for wear under a stiff coat-collar if it be made with a soft collar of its own, prettily folded round the throat over a bit of muslin, instead of the ordinary upright one on firm lining, and such a soft blouse collar is quite as fashionable as the other kind. An under-garment of this kind should always, if possible, be worn, instead of the ordinary bodice of the dress beneath a sealskin or other all-fur wrap, for health's sake, as the fur alone is impermeable to the utmost degree that can safely be permitted.

Sir Horace Davey, the brilliant lawyer whose elevation to the position of a Lord of Appeal will prevent him for the future from sitting in the House of Commons, has been for many years one of the best friends of women that Parliament has contained. His special and profound legal knowledge and his wise counsel about tactics have been always at the service of those of us who have been working to gain better laws for the women who shall come after us than those under which we of to-day were born. The Married Women's Property Act was drafted with his advice, and owed great obligations to him during its protracted passage through Parliament, obstructed and rejected as it was year after year. Later on, Sir Horace Davey helped to frame, and himself "backed" and "told for" the Custody of Infants Bill, which passed into an Act in 1886, and under which, for the first time, a mother was recognised by the law of England as any relation to her own babe. Before that, as a famous judgment put it, "The English law does not see the mother—only the father and the child." Nothing but a sense of justice has existed to lead a great and famous lawyer to do so much for women. Women could not give even loud thanks in return; and the benevolence and love of justice that Sir Horace Davey has shown in what he has so quietly and steadily done to reform women's law are of good augury for his career on the seat of justice.

It was from Sir Horace that I heard the striking expression, "sex-bias," which in his opinion would prevent the House of Commons from even considering a rather startling proposition of legal reform that some ladies wished to make. There is, no doubt, such a thing as "sex-bias," and it takes a certain breadth of mind to consider any deep-rooted question in which that can be involved without falling into some degree of error from its existence. It is because it exists that men so often complain that the heroes of women's novels are not like either what men are or what they ought to be; and that women make a similar complaint about men's heroines. "If I said what I really think about the heroines of some first-rate novels by first-rate man writers," said Charlotte Brontë, "where should I be? Dead, under a cairn of avenging stones, in half an hour!" Yet, of her, men constantly say that she could not draw a true man. The truly great writers—the Merediths, the Ibsens, and the Zolas—are the freest from this incapacity to put themselves without bias into the position of the opposite sex. It is because M. Zola has that faculty so completely that I have seen him with so much interest during his recent visit to the conference of the Institute of Journalists. That his writings, from their rough, uncompromising view of life, from the painful character of many of his subjects, and from the unsparing coarseness with which he speaks of much that is none the less disgusting because it is more or less real, are repulsive to many women, is true; but, on the other hand, there is a fairness, justice, and insight in all that he writes in analysis of the motives and conduct of his female characters that thoughtful women find admirable. He is a rather small man, with one of those mobile faces, like india-rubber in flexibility, that are more common in France than here, with a noble dome of brow and penetrating eyes. A charming, clever-looking wife accompanies him, and was very smart in ruby velvet at the evening gatherings.

RECOVERED EARLY 'CROSS' AT BROADWOOD-WIDGER.

BY THE REV. S. BARING-GOULD.

No district in England, with the possible exception of Cornwall, is so rich in wayside and churchyard crosses as Dartmoor and its neighbourhood. On Dartmoor itself there are twenty-seven, and there are fifty-three at least on the borders. These crosses are all of granite, and vary widely in character and in antiquity. Some we can with

the custom was for the coffin to be carried thrice round it. One night he broke the cross to pieces, and so effectually concealed the fragments that they have not since been recovered. At Staverton the village cross was discovered built into the walls of the church inn, and has been restored and placed in the churchyard. This cross belongs to the fifteenth century, and is chamfered and set on steps.

Recently a remarkably interesting and early cross has been recovered in the parish of Broadwood-Widger, near Lifton, which though not contiguous with Dartmoor commands a magnificent prospect of the range of granite tors, distant about six miles.

From time immemorial the cross had served as a post propping up the roof of a cart-shed at the farm of Buddle, where tradition says stood anciently a chapel. Here it was discovered by the Vicar, the Rev. R. T. Blagden, who greatly desired to recover it, and opened negotiations for this purpose. Recently, through the instrumentality of the Rev. F. E. W. Langdon, curate in charge, the old cross has been removed from the cart-shed and set up in the churchyard near the south porch.

The cross is of Dartmoor granite, fine-grained, and is so rudely fashioned that it is probably of a great age, and may be regarded as a Brito-Christian memorial. It stands 6 ft. 2 in. out of the ground, and about 18 in. have been buried. The head and arms expand like a Maltese cross; the head leans to the right. The width of the upright portion varies between 19 in. and 13½ in.; the whole cross is clumsy and crooked. It is formed out of a slab of granite 4 to 4½ in. thick and 2 ft. 4 in. across; one arm is 5½ in. long and the other 9 in. Unfortunately, while the cross served as a post to the cart-shed a corner of one of the arms was broken off.

The church of Broadwood-Widger is one of the most interesting in the county of Devon. It has a fine carved-oak rood-screen extending across nave and side aisles, very remarkable bench-ends, carved in 1529, as we learn by the date on one of them, adorned with the instruments of the Passion and various nondescript figures. Among the symbols is Malchus's ear beside the sword that cut it off, the seamless robe, the thirty pieces of silver, the lantern, and the portraits of the lord of the manor and his lady, the latter in a horned head-dress.

There was some interesting stained glass, representing the Crucifixion, before the so-called restoration in 1871, when this disappeared, and the screen was daubed over with brown paint, and the monuments were displaced.

CITY FREEDOM CASKET FOR SIR JOHN GILBERT.

Our Illustration shows the casket presented by the Corporation, with the Freedom of the City of London, to Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in acknowledgment of the gift of his pictures to the Guildhall Fine Art Gallery. It is of 18-carat gold, modelled in the fourteenth-century style, the main body being divided into five arches surmounted by an elaborate frieze in bas-relief, representing homage to fine art from all classes of the commercial community. The City arms, with crest and motto, occupy the centre arch, while gold figures against a blue enamelled



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., BY THE CITY CORPORATION OF LONDON.

background, representing History, Painting, Fame, and Poetry occupy the other arches. The arms of Sir John Gilbert appear at each end, the inscription being on the reverse side. The cover rises to a centre trophy, on which are the initials of the recipient, and a small portrait in repoussée. The whole rests on a velvet plinth, festooned with laurel and supported by four griffins holding the City arms. This work does much credit to the manufacturers, Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of 220, Regent Street, and 66, Cheapside.



CROSS AT BROADWOOD-WIDGER.

little hesitation regard as early as British times, while others are as late as the fifteenth century. Some are of barbarous rudeness, others are finely cut and sculptured. The eighty that have hitherto been reckoned are but a tithe of those that formerly existed. The bases remain in numerous instances, showing where crosses stood that have been wantonly demolished. One of the last destroyed was that in Manaton churchyard, which roused the vandalism of the rector at the beginning of the present century, because at funerals

AT PRESENT ENGLAND'S GREATNESS IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD.

THE LATE LORD DERBY ON ENGLAND'S FUTURE.

We boast of our Wealth, our Power, our Resources, our Naval and Military Strength, and our Commercial Superiority. All these may depart from us in a few years, and we may remain, like Holland, a rich and a comparatively powerless people. The nation depends upon the individuals who compose it. And no nation can be distinguished for morality, duty, adhesion to the rules of honour and justice whose citizens individually and collectively do not possess the same traits.—SMILES.

The late LORD DERBY in one of his recent speeches:

"An accomplished nobleman said to me the other day that he thought England had steadily declined in those qualities that make up the force and strength of national character since the days of Waterloo; and though he did not say so in words, yet from his manner and tone I inferred that he thought it was too late to hope for recovery, that the deluge was coming, and that happy are they who had almost lived their lives and would not survive to see the catastrophe. Of course it is possible that such a catastrophe may come; and, given certain conditions, it is certain it will come."

Have we those conditions at hand? No, not until we have lost our great mineral wealth—COAL; and Horny Hand and Busy Brain have lost, or neglected to cultivate, Honour, Truth, and Justice.

What higher aim can man attain Than conquest over human pain?

TO ALL LEAVING HOME FOR A CHANGE.—Don't go without a bottle of ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." It prevents any over-acid state of the blood. It should be kept in every bedroom in readiness for any emergency. Be careful to avoid any acidulated salines, and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" to prevent the bile becoming too thick and impure, producing a gummy, viscous, clammy stickiness, or adhesiveness, in the mucous membrane of the intestinal canal, frequently the pivot of diarrhoea and disease. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" prevents and removes diarrhoea in the early stages. Without such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased. There is no doubt that where it has been taken in the earlier stages of a disease it has in many instances prevented what would otherwise have been a severe illness.

BANGKOK, SIAM.—IMPORTANT TO ALL TRAVELLERS.—"We have for the last four years used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' during several important survey expeditions in the Malay Peninsula, Siam, and Cambodia, and have undoubtedly derived great benefit from it. In one instance only was one of our party attacked with fever during that period, and that happened after our supply of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' had run out. When making long marches, under the powerful rays of a vertical sun, or travelling through swampy districts, we have used ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' two and three times a day. ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' acts as a gentle aperient, keeps the blood cool and healthy, and wards off fever. We have pleasure in voluntarily testifying to the value of your preparation and our firm belief in its efficacy. We never go into the jungle without it, and have also recommended it to others."

"Yours truly, Commander A. J. LORTUS, his Siamese Majesty's Hydrographer; E. C. DAVIDSON, Superintendent Siamese Government Telegraphs, Bangkok, Siam, 1883.

"To J. C. Eno, Esq., London."

BRITISH LEGATION, TANGIER, MOROCCO.—"July 16, 1893. I thought I would not leave London without taking some of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' as I was told I could not get any in this country. I must say I found ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' most invaluable since I have been here. The change always affects one. Sometimes I have suffered with headache, and as soon as I find it coming on I take a dose of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have also taken it when I felt feverish. I immediately got relief. When I travel the country I never go without it. I came from a place called 'Rabat,' on the Western Coast of Morocco; not long ago, we were on the way about three weeks (no railway in this country), and I found your 'FRUIT SALT' of great service. The sun being very hot, anyone is subject to headache and feverish symptoms. Our interpreter (a Moor) one day complained to me in the tent that he had the headache, and had also been suffering from Constipation for four days, so I gave him a good dose, which relieved him within two hours. The next morning he thanked me very much for the service I did him. I am sure a better antidote for a hot climate could not possibly be got anywhere.—Yours truly, W. HERBERT, British Legation, Tangier, Morocco."

ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it, Life is a Sham.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

MILLIONS DRINK IT DAILY!!

LIPTON'S DELICIOUS TEA.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDENS TO THE TEAPOT.

NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY.

WHY PAY 2/- to 3/6 per lb. for TEA, when at LIPTON'S you can buy
The **FINEST** the **WORLD** PRODUCES

NO HIGHER PRICE.

at **1/7** per lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

RICH, PURE, & FRAGRANT.

per **1/-** and **1/4** lb.

These Teas have a more exquisite aroma and delicious flavour than any Tea ever introduced into Britain. They have undoubtedly reached a pinnacle of success never before attained by any Tea in the World.

OVER ONE MILLION PACKETS SOLD WEEKLY IN GREAT BRITAIN ALONE, AND THE SALE INCREASING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS ALL THE TIME.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Delivered Carriage Paid for an extra 1d. per lb. to any address in Great Britain on orders of 5 lb. and upwards. Samples sent free on application.
A GUARANTEE.—Money returned in full if Tea does not give perfect satisfaction in every way.

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TEA AND COFFEE PLANTER, CEYLON.

THE LARGEST TEA, COFFEE, AND PROVISION DEALER IN THE WORLD.

Sole Proprietor of the following celebrated Tea and Coffee Estates in Ceylon: Dambatenne, Laymattotte, Monerakande, Mahadambatenne, Mousakelle, Pooprassie, Hanagalla, and Gigranella, which cover Thousands of Acres of the best TEA and COFFEE LAND in Ceylon. Ceylon Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: Maddema Mills, Cinnamon Gardens, Colombo. Ceylon Office: Upper Chatham Street, Colombo. Indian Tea Shipping Warehouses and Export Stores: Hare Street, Strand, Calcutta. Indian Offices: Dalhousie Square, Calcutta.

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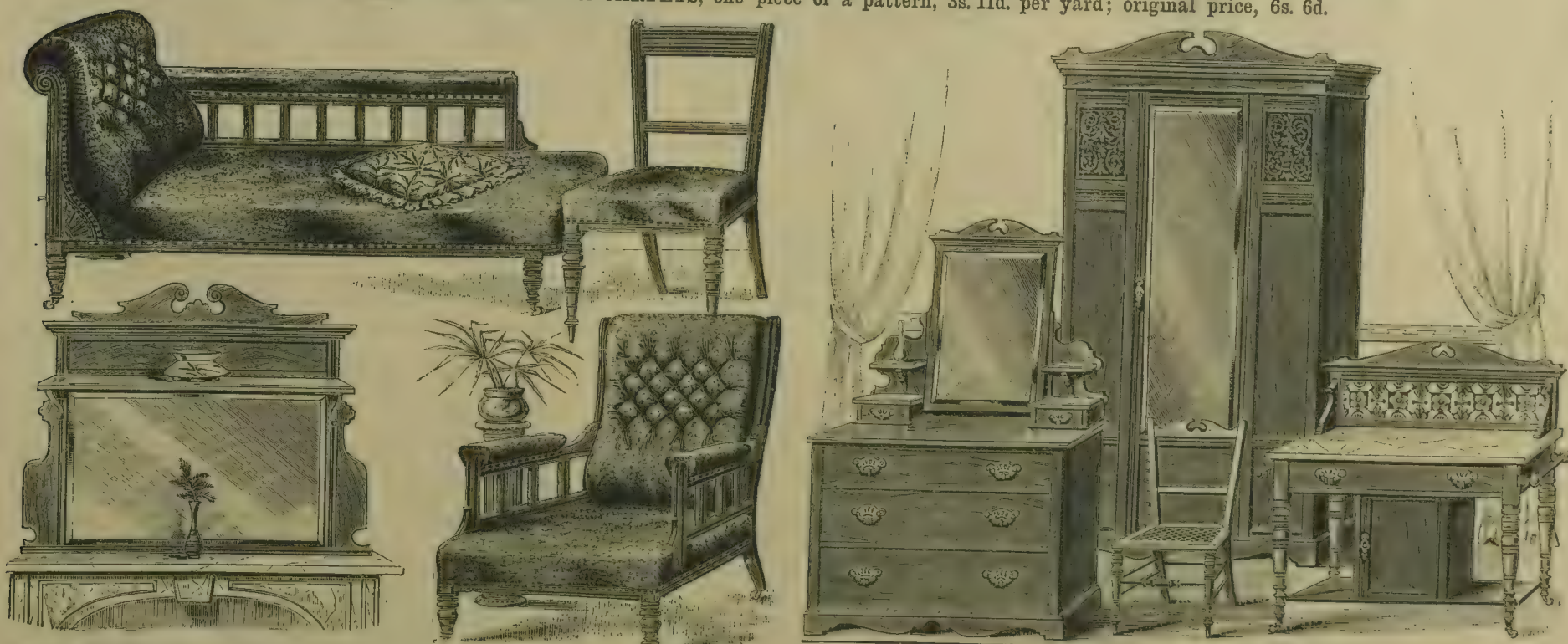
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, OCTOBER 2.

SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

BRUSSELS CARPETS, good quality, 1s. 11d. per yard; Five-Frame quality, 2s. 6d. per yard; Best Five-Frame, 2s. 11d. and 3s. 3d. per yard.

AXMINSTER CARPETS, British Manufacture, 3s. 6d. per yard; original price, 5s. 11d.

BEST QUALITY WILTON PILE CARPETS, one piece of a pattern, 3s. 11d. per yard; original price, 6s. 6d.



Superior well-finished Dining-room Suite in solid Walnut or Oak, well upholstered and covered with real Leather. Suite comprises Couch, Gentleman's Lounge, Easy Chair and six Chairs, £11 15s.
Solid Walnut or Oak Dining Table, with extra leaf, top of Basswood. Full size, with leaf. 3ft. 6in. by 5ft. long, £2 7s. 6d.

Substantial solid Ash or Hazelwood Bedroom Suite, comprising large Wardrobe with bevelled edge, plate glass door, and carved panels. Dressing Chest of three long Drawers, Toilet Glass attached; Washstand with marble top and tile back, containing one drawer, and with Pedestal Cupboard and Towel-rails attached; two strong Cane-seat Chairs, complete £8 18s. 6d.

OBITUARY.

THE COUNTESS OF ROTHES.

The Right Hon. Mary Elizabeth Leslie, in her own right Countess of Rothes, died at 12, Wetherby Place, S.W., on Sept. 19. Her Ladyship was the daughter of Henrietta Anne, third Countess of Rothes, who married, in 1806, Mr. G. Gwyther. She was born July 9, 1811, and married, Aug. 11, 1835, Mr. Martin E. Haworth, of Barham Wood, Herts, who assumed by royal license the surname of Leslie, and died Nov. 2, 1886. By him, she had, with other issue, an eldest son, Mr. Martin Leslie Leslie. Mr. Leslie died Dec. 22, 1882, before his mother had inherited the peerage, and left, by Georgina Frances, his wife, the daughter of Mr. Henry Studdy, of Waddeton Court, Devonshire, a son, Norman Evelyn, now fourteenth Earl of Rothes. The late Countess succeeded on the death without issue of her niece, Henrietta Anderson Morshead, Countess of Rothes, the sixteenth in the succession to the title, who had married the Hon. George Waldegrave Leslie, LL.D., F.R.S., the third son of the late Earl Waldegrave. The Earldom of Rothes was, in 1457, conferred on George Leslie, of Rothes; and on July 4, 1663, his descendant, John Leslie, the seventh Earl, who was held in great esteem by King Charles II., obtained from that monarch a new charter of his titles (Earl of Rothes, Baron Leslie and Ballenbreich) and estates to the heirs male of his body, whom failing, to the heirs female of his body, or of the body of his heirs male, which was ratified by Parliament in 1663. This Earl of Rothes was one of the most distinguished statesmen of his time; became Lord

Chancellor of Scotland, and was created Duke of Rothes, which honour, however, expired with him.

LORD ALFRED SPENCER-CHURCHILL.

Lord Alfred Spencer-Churchill died on Sept. 21, at Rutland Gate. He was the second son of George, sixth Duke of Marlborough, by Jane, his wife, eldest daughter of George Earl of Galloway, and was thus grand-uncle of the present Duke. He was born April 24, 1824, and married Feb. 5, 1857, Harriet, third daughter of Frederick, fourth Lord Calthorpe, and had four daughters and coheiresses, of whom the eldest, Jane, married Sir Francis Salway Winnington, Bart., and the second, Olivia, married Captain Arthur Edward William Colville, of the Rifle Brigade. Lord Alfred was a J.P. and D.L., and served formerly in the 4th Light Dragoons, and was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Oxfordshire Yeomanry. He represented Woodstock in Parliament from 1845 to 1847, and again from 1857 to 1865.

SIR ALEXANDER TILLOCH GALT.

Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt, G.C.M.G., died at Montreal, Canada, on Sept. 19. He was born Sept. 6, 1817, and was the second son of the novelist John Galt, the friend of Lord Byron, and author of "The Entail" and many other works. Mr. John Galt went to Canada as manager and organiser of the Canada Land Company, which opened up to colonisation so much of the Dominion. His son followed him there, and was Chief Commissioner of the British American Land Company from 1843 to 1855, and President of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad Company from 1851 to 1853. He entered the Dominion Parliament in 1849, and was Minister of Finance 1858-60, and again from 1864 to 1866, and in 1867 became Finance Minister for the Dominion of Canada. Sir Alexander was High Commissioner, representing the Dominion of Canada in England from 1880 to 1883. In 1869 he was made a K.C.M.G., and in 1878 was advanced to the Grand Cross of that order. He was also a Privy Councillor in Canada. He married first, 1848,

Elliot, daughter of Mr. John Torrance, of Montreal, and secondly, 1852, Amy Gordon, also a daughter of Mr. John Torrance. Sir Alexander was an honorary LL.D. of Edinburgh University.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Captain Gammell, probably the oldest survivor of the Peninsular War, born Jan. 3, 1797, and served in the 59th Regiment, who died at Bath on Sept. 23.

Lady Westropp (Constance Marianno), widow of General Sir Thomas Westropp McMahon, Bart, C.B., on Sept. 19.

Mr. Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, C.B., eldest son of Major-General Walter Tremenheere, K.H., who died on Sept. 16.

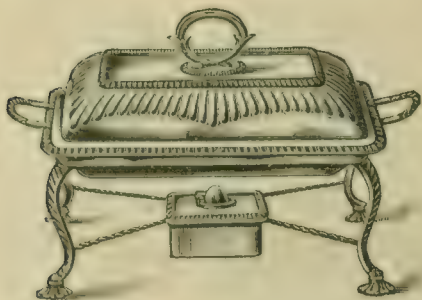
The Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, on Tuesday, Sept. 26, opened its annual meeting, this year at Darlington, under the presidency of Mr. E. Windsor Richards, with a programme of useful discussions on the manufacture of iron and steel, and on the treatment of coal as fuel. The Mayor of Darlington, as well as Mr. Theodore Fry, M.P., and other inhabitants, forming a reception committee of which Mr. David Dale is chairman, provide entertainments for the visitors, who will also have excursions to Baby Castle and Barnard Castle.

On the night of Wednesday, Sept. 20, in Regent Square, near King's Cross, two murders were perpetrated by Leo Eugene Percy, an electrician living in Swinton Street, Gray's Inn Road. He was attached to Miss Bessie Montague, known on the stage as "Daisy Montague," a singer at the Empire Theatre of Varieties in Leicester Square, and was jealous of another young man, Samuel Barnett Garcia, a stockbroker, who accompanied her to her lodgings after the evening performance. Outside the house they were met by Percy, who had armed himself with a revolver. He shot them both dead, and immediately afterwards killed himself.

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STERLING SILVER AND PRINCE'S PLATE

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Richly Fluted Full-size Hash or Breakfast Dish, with Loose Inner Dish and Drainer, Spirit Lamp and Stand, complete. Prince's Plate, £6 15s.



Handsomely Fluted "Queen Anne" Afternoon Tea Set in Prince's Plate. £5 5s.



Handsomely Fluted Hot Water Jug, with Ebony Handle and Knob.

Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.			
2-Gill	£3 0 0	£6 6 0	
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Prince's Plate Biscuit Box, richly engraved. Opens into two compartments with pierced Divisions, £5 15s.

The same, but quite plain, £4 10s.

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Handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Sugar Droggers, 8 in., £8 5s.; 7 in., £7 7s.; 6 1/2 in., £6.



Table Lamp, in Prince's Plate, Fluted and Chased, with 2 Burners, complete with Globes and Chimneys, £3 18s. Height to top of Chimney, 13 inches.



Richly Engraved Salvers, in Prince's Plate.
8 inches £2 5 0 | 12 inches £3 10 0
10 " 3 0 0 | 14 " 4 15 0



Claret Jug, Richly Cut Glass, in Prince's Plate Mounts, £3 8s. Sterling Silver Mounts, £8 5s.

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COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

- COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.
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PERSONAL LOVELINESS

is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every morning with that supremely delightful and effectual dentifrice

FRAGRANT

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which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

CHOCOLAT-MENIER.

Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

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RENOWNED**"LOUIS" LUSTROUS
BLUE-BLACK
VELVETEEN.**

RICH AND RARE NEW COLOURS FOR PRESENT WEAR.



After having been for years before the public, remains practically and most deservedly unrivalled. The dyes are admirable, while in surface it is silky and sheeny, and in weight it is marvellously light.

Le Follet says: "There is literally no fabric more serviceable or effective than the well-known 'Louis' VELVETEEN."

The Queen, the Lady's Newspaper, says: "The merits of 'Louis' VELVETEEN are now so well known that this beautiful and inexpensive imitation of Genoa velvet may now be had at every draper's, and probably in every clime."

Note Well. Each yard of genuine "LOUIS" Velveteen bears the name (spelled L-O-U-I-S, and in no other way), and is stamped with a guarantee of wear.

**LADIES SHOULD
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The "LOUIS" Patent
Foundation Lining.

Yarn Dyed, Warranted Fast Colour, is brightly finished and extremely durable, though at the same time not in the least weighty or cumbersome.

SOLD EVERYWHERE BY DRAPERS
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**PURE
CONCENTRATED
Cocoa.**

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EXCELLENCE.

60 PRIZE-MEDALS AWARDED

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Soap Makers
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EVERY HOUSEWIFE

has her own ideas as to which are the easiest and best methods to adopt in her household duties; but some seem to always possess the happy knack of making home a real home, full of brightness and happiness, with everything clean and cosy and comfortable. Such a housewife

KNOWS

by experience that to obtain the best results in the shortest time, and to give the household linen that special whiteness and freshness she so much desires, she must use only the best soap. Whilst there may be differences of opinion as to which is the best soap, it is certain that that soap must be worthy of a fair trial the makers of which have been appointed by Special Royal Warrant Soap Makers to Her Majesty the Queen; who have obtained the Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1889; and, in addition, 17 other Medals and Awards. This Soap is

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff of Dumfries and Galloway, of the mutual disposition and settlement of the Right Hon. Lady Isabella Helen Douglas or Hope, late of St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbright, who died on July 4 last, granted to the Hon. Charles Hope, the husband and executor nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 15, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £277,000.

The will (dated May 15, 1893), with a codicil of the same date, of Mr. Joseph Garside, late of Carlton House, Worksop, timber merchant, who died on July 16 last, was proved on Sept. 6 by Mrs. Mary Shelton Garside, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £166,000. The testator gives £250 each to the Nottingham Infirmary, the Sheffield Infirmary, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts; £100 each to the Yorkshire Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Doncaster, and the Blind School at Manchester Road, Sheffield; £500 to his wife, and a freehold house to each of his daughters, Mrs. Sarah Goldsbough, Mrs. Catherine Maria Moore, Mrs. Martha Alderson, and Miss Isoline Garside. He devises Carlton House, his messuage and premises at Bridlington Quay, and all his real and leasehold estate at Worksop, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then (with the exception of the Bridlington property), upon trust, for his son Abraham Shelton Garside. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to accumulate until his youngest child shall

attain the age of twenty-one years, but during the period of accumulation £1000 per annum is to be paid each to his children Mrs. Goldsbough, Mrs. Moore, Miss Garside, and Frederick Garside; £750 per annum to Mrs. Alderson, and £250 per annum to his grandson Ellerton Garside Alderson. Subject thereto he bequeaths £30,000 and 250 shares in the Worksop and Retford Brewery Company, Limited, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Mrs. Goldsbough, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Isoline Garside; £10,000 to his grandson Ellerton Garside Alderson; and £20,000 and 250 of the said brewery shares, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Alderson. The ultimate residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his son Frederick Garside.

The will (dated May 2, 1893) of Mr. Thomas Walker Tindall, late of the Hotel Belgravia, Victoria Station, who died on June 28, was proved on Sept. 15 by the Rev. Peter Francis Tindall, the brother, and Thomas Walker, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator gives £5000 to his brother, the Rev. Peter Francis Tindall, £2000 to his mother, Mrs. Mary Jane Tindall; £2000 to Thomas Walker; £1000 each to James Walker and William Walker; £2000 to Mrs. Ida H. Newhouse; £1000 to Mrs. Fanny Newman; £500 to Miss Minna Walker, and £250 to George A. Harte Dyke. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said brother, the Rev. Peter Francis Tindall.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1893) of Mr. Walter Lewis Baynham, late of 46, Ashburnham Grove, Greenwich, and

9, John Street, Adelphi, who died on July 27, was proved on Sept. 14 by Herbert Monckton and the Rev. Albert Edward Baynham, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £44,000. The testator gives £500 to Mrs. Jessie Monckton; £200 to Herbert Monckton; £2000 to Richard Chamberlain; and there are some specific bequests of jewellery. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof, between his nephews Arthur Wilfrid Baynham and Albert Edward Baynham and his niece Edith Emma Baynham; and the other moiety thereof, upon trust, for his sister-in-law, Mrs. Agnes Emma Baynham, during such time as she shall remain the widow of his deceased brother John, and upon her death or remarriage to her children.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1892) of Commander George Lloyd William Adair, R.N., late of 12, Wyndham Place, Bryanston Square, who died on March 2 last, was proved on Sept. 7 by William Trevor, John Olphert Adair, and Thomas Frederick Nesbitt Irwin, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £17,000. The testator appoints, out of certain trust funds, the following charitable legacies, but they are not to be paid till after the death of the survivor of his father and his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Adair—namely, £300 to the Sailors' Home for men of the Royal Navy; £50 to Dr. Barnardo's Home; £100 each to the London Missionary Society and the Mission to Seamen Society; £50 each to the Girls' Friendly Society, the National Life-Boat Institution, the Home for Incurables, Donnybrook (near Dublin), the Society for Promoting

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CEYLON. BURMAH. SIAM. WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

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THE LUCKY CHRYSOPRASE JEWELLERY

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BRACELETS from £2.

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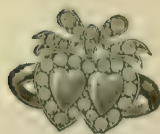
In the Rough, Direct from the Mines.

Cut and Polished on the Premises.

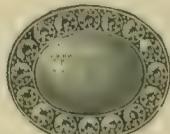
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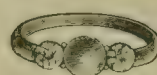


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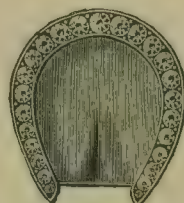
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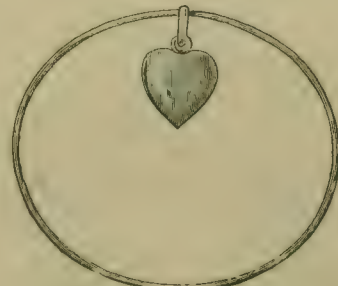
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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. No. 956.—OCTOBER 1893.—2s. 6d.
CONTENTS: OUR LATEST ARBITRATION: THE UNITED STATES IN INTERNATIONAL LAW.—THIRTY YEARS OF SHIKAR, by Sir Edward Braddon.—A COMEDY OF ERRORS, by Katharine Wyld.—THE GREAT DIVIDE.—EARLS COURT, Chaps. XXXV.—XXXVII.—SHUDDERMAN SOLDIER.—A NIGHT-LONG STRIFE WITH A SALMON AND A WIFE.—A FRENCH LESSON.—THE TAX-PAYER UNDER HOME RULE.—"SEA-WRACK," by Maira O'Neill.—MURDERS IN CHINA.—THE PEERS AND THE PEOPLE.—THE DECADENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
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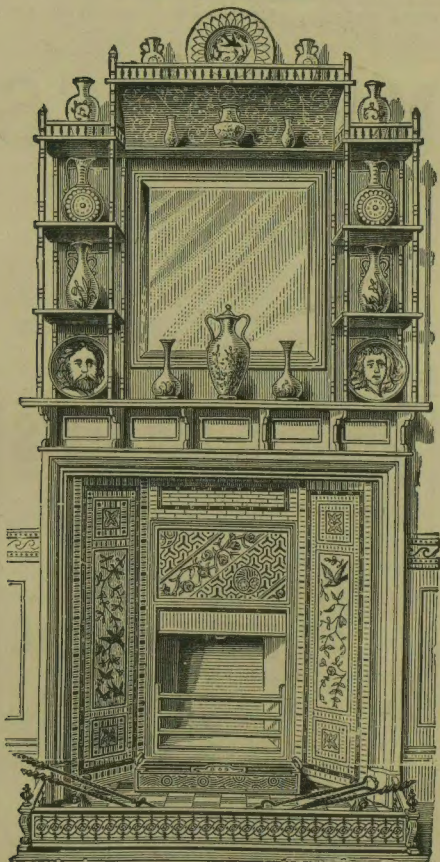
As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it to-day the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe—in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring.

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Christian Knowledge, the Church of England Temperance Society, and the Battersea Branch of the Charity Organisation Society; £100 each to the London Hospital and the Gwendonkin Shelter, near Swansea; £200 each to the Church of England Purity Society and the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his aunt, Miss Elizabeth Adair.

The will (dated Oct. 3, 1890) of Captain Seymour Spencer-Smith, late of the United Service Club and Grosvenor Mansions, Victoria Street, Westminster, retired R.N., who died on Aug. 1, was proved on Sept. 6 by the Rev. Spencer Compton Hamilton Spencer-Smith and the Rev. Orlando Spencer-Smith, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator gives all his estates in Jamaica, including horses, stock, timber, and all money in the hands of his agents there, to his brother the Rev. Spencer Compton Hamilton Spencer-Smith, and £100 each to his sisters Frances and Augusta. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers, the Rev. Spencer

Compton Hamilton Spencer-Smith, the Rev. Orlando Spencer-Smith, and Gilbert Joshua Spencer-Smith.

The will and codicil of Mr. Francis Seaman Dymoke, late of Scrivelsby Court, Lincolnshire, the Hon. the Queen's Champion, who died on June 2, were proved on Sept. 19 by George Walker and Townson Mackinder Hall, the executors. The value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £6000.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1889) of the Hon. Hamilton John Tollemache, late of Winford House, Exeter, who died on June 16, has been proved by the Hon. Mrs. Mabel Tollemache, the widow, Edmund Smith Hanbury, and Ernest Gerard Leycester, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000.

A frightful crime is reported from New South Wales; it took place at Carcoar, a small township 150 miles west of Sydney. A burglar wearing a mask broke into the local branch of the Sydney City Bank for the purpose of robbery; he was met by the manager, Mr. Phillips, whom

he instantly killed with a small hatchet. A young lady, Miss Cavanagh, who was staying with the family as a visitor, was also killed, the manager's wife terribly wounded, and his daughter had two fingers chopped off. The murderer stole a horse and rode away, but failed to get any money.

Dr. A. J. Mason, of Allhallows Barking, has resigned his Canonry in Truro Cathedral and Chaplaincy to the Bishop of Truro. In the early days of the Cornish Bishopric Canon Mason was amazingly popular.

The Russian ironclad coast-defence turret-ship Roosalka, which left Revel on Sept. 19 for Helsingfors, in the Baltic, is supposed to have been swamped at sea, with the loss of 178 lives of officers and crew.

A small war-vessel named the Alexandre Pcton, belonging to the negro Republic of Haiti, in the West Indies, has been wrecked with the loss of eighty lives, including General Molini, special envoy to the neighbouring Republic of San Domingo, and two other diplomats, M. Cohen and M. Dejean.

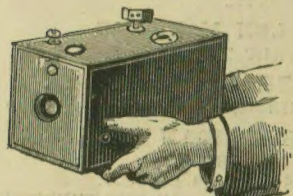
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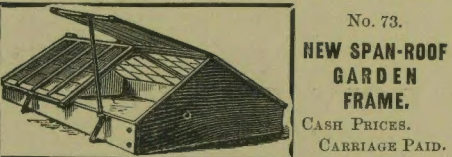
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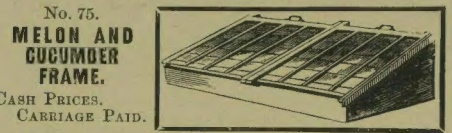
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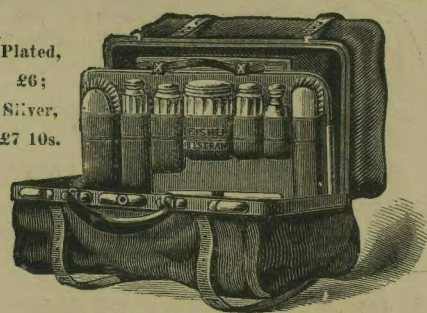
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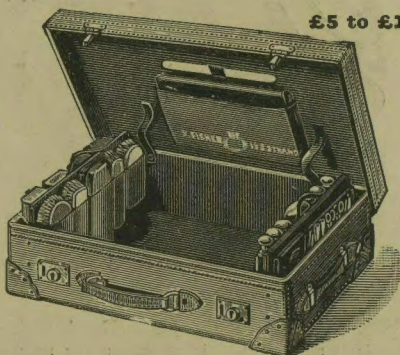


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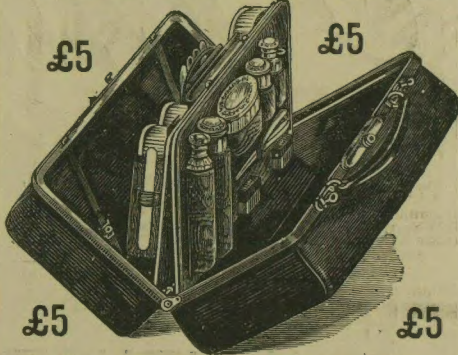
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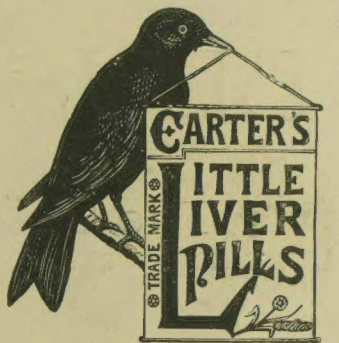
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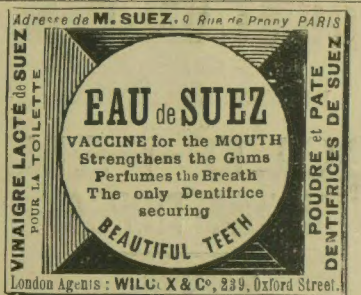
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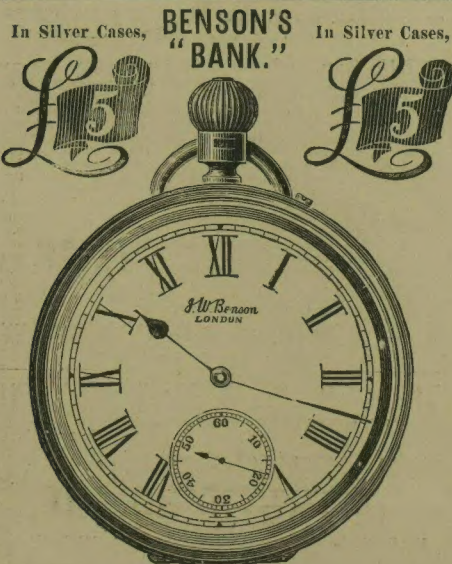
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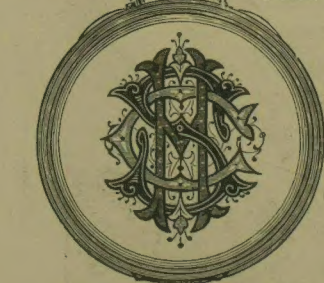
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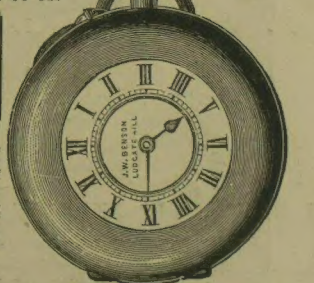
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